

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XLII.

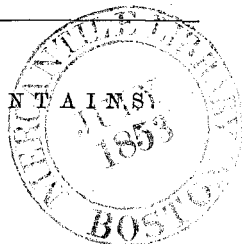
AUGUST, 1853.

No. 2.

MEN, MANNERS, AND MOUNTAINS.

NUMBER TWO.

A GREETING.



It felt strange in such a place of platitude to be tapped on the shoulder by any one except Father Mathew: but stranger still it seemed, on turning, to find myself in contact with my hilarious fellow-pilgrim up Mount Righi—him whom we have formerly known by the *soubriquet* of *Corduroys*.

His handsome presence, which had even then sufficiently established for him the identity of a gentleman under the mineralogist's garb, now seemed to share largely with some metropolitan tailor the merit of its attractions. But in addition to this supervening change, he was so altered in appearance as to shock recognition. His full form had grown thin; his fine face was void of color, although still as blithe and bileless, and as expressive of *bonhomie* as when I had last left him 'seeking sermons in stones, and *jest* in every thing,' near the foot of the regal mountain.

'My dear friend, this is indeed a pleasure, although not entirely unexpected. I told you we should meet at Baden; every body meets at Baden. It is the centre of the travelling system in which we all gravitate. So you are true to your tryst?'

'Well, what do you think of Baden?'

'Well, what do you think of Baden?'

} *Duo.*

'No, I asked you first. It's a place to go mad in, the song says.'

'What! pleasanter than Switzerland? I thought that for you Helvetia was Holy-land—the crowning beatitude of a geologist.'

'Oh! sink Switzerland! I wish to heaven the deluge had it!—a diabolical man-trap, easy to enter, but the devil to get through. You recollect me excursionizing in walking-shoes and felt-hat?'

'And corduroys!'

'Right; and when they wore out, my zeal for science wore out too. I am geologist no longer, but plain Ernest F. The truth is, I have

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roamed long enough to learn that he who travels with *an object in view* is a fool. Travelling, say what you will, is not like a boar-hunt, where you set out with a determinate purpose—to dispatch—and return. What Pascal said of philosophy, ‘Who mocks at *all* philosophy is himself the truest philosopher,’ applies to touring. Your only wise traveller is the man who refuses to pamper himself with *system*, but loiters along the road the gods spread before him.’

‘*Votre langage est classique en diable.* But to the point: what brought you from Switzerland?’

‘Love of life alone. In me you behold a martyr to a grovelling cause. Switzerland is bad enough for any body, but it contains the plagues of Egypt for a geologist. My life from day to day resembled the lens of a telescope, as I slid up and down the country without regard to hours—now perambulating the plain, now perustrating the mountain-side, always in a state of excruciation. ’Tis a most pernicious life, since you can’t get coats that regulate their power of caloric inversely as the thermometer; and if you leave the warm valley thinly clad, as my evil demon was always persuading me to do, you soon find that you have laid aside your knapsack in favor of a rheumatism. The slightest escapade, too, of enthusiasm is often fatal; for you may imagine what a devilish awkward thing it is to lose your hat among the clouds; you may as well lose your head along with it; for of all colds, an Alpine cold, with the temperature varying forty-eight degrees in twenty-four hours! And then some *ignis fatuus* of a whim, or else your own ignorance, is for ever enticing you to sleep near the *embouchure* of a river in a lake—you might as well sleep in the Pontine marshes.’

‘And to which of these lung-vampires did you fall a prey?’

‘All—all: found my heart beating like a catapult up the Faulhorn; overheated; went down with an ague; added the malaria to my bouquet of distempers near Brientz.’

‘And are you still a *patient*, or a perfect man?’

‘Oh! imperfect enough, but improving. No thanks to the Galens of Germany, however. As you love your soul, my dear friend, never trust yourself for one unguarded moment to a German doctor. Their art is *diablerie* itself: like all Germany, they are infested with a deadly *phobia*, the dread of superficiality. You cannot conceive to what lengths this digging, mining mania is carried; and you never can discover its horrors until they succeed in undermining your constitution, as they have so nearly done for me. Their system—I hate systems; and theirs is invariable: is to deposit a magazine of insoluble medicines in the patient’s system for the purpose of *secondary* action; in other words, to charge you first: then to lay a train, as it were, of detached drugs; and finally to touch you off with some finishing dose that rouses the entire inert mass within—precisely as you would blow up a fort. Fortunately, these waters are kind auxiliaries; their virtues, like the air, although seen by none, are felt by all, and are potent in modifying medical mischief. After a three weeks’ siege I have succeeded tolerably in clarifying my composition, and you now see me extricated from doctors’ bills and the sick-list. But enough of myself. How long do you remain?’

‘That depends——’

‘On how you like it? — true. A most delightful place to lose your identity in is Baden. Do you find yourself acquainted?’

‘A pelican in the wilderness.’

‘Then I am sure we are well met. Permit me to play Asmodeus at your need. Thanks to my taste for scandal, I know the secret history of half Baden; and I flatter myself that with this sort of omniscience you will find me as desirable as Leporello himself. Shall I make you a Chinese catalogue of these characters? Do you see —’

‘That bow-legged gentleman bandying compliments with the tall lady?’

‘Him! oh, name him not! He is my *memento mori* — the hot-water doctor.’

‘*Passons*. Then who is this wonderful woman with the fresh, flashing cheeks?’

‘The COUNTESS OF CAUCHEMAR, sweet as Dian, just emerged from her rose-water bath. It’s well worth a walk here every morning just to see her bring her beautiful sleepy eyes and delicious drawl to the spring, where she begins the day by pouring a pint of butter-milk down her pillowy throat through those lips like twin cherubs at play.’

‘But see: she is making directly toward the Turk yonder. And is he *really, truly*, now, a Turk?’ What an amphibious-looking domestic his bottle-holder is: look at him in the peacock livery, carrying a leopard-skin and a hookah. I venture to bet that it is no love for hot water that brought him from the Bosphorus to this Sangrado city. Have you a key to him?’

‘He needs no key. In him you see the Napoleon of Baden-Baden; the greatest *dramatic* attraction on the Rhine; a hero to his very valet. Impudence, upheld by the novelty of the thing, has been his chief stepping-stone to lionization. Did you ever hear of such an enterprise as *Moslem fortune-hunting*? It is his avowed character. You would suppose that he regards enlightened Europe in the light of a great ocean of gullibility, in which he floats a graceful leviathan. The story, as he relates it, is, that the Sultan has banished him for some misdemeanor or other, under pain of his sublime and tragical displeasure in case he returns to Constantinople without a million — no matter how gotten — half of which is to garnish the imperial treasury. Meanwhile, his Turkish estates are in abeyance or else confiscated — nothing except the million can possibly redeem them. As yet, you will readily believe the loan is not forth-coming. He has applied to the Rothschilds, and even to M. Benazet here: still, no capitalist is enterprising enough to feel quite assured as to the value of private securities in Asia Minor. But now begins to appear the genius of the man. Deserted by friends, exiled from every thing, he flings aside the mask, and, appealing no longer to *his own fortune*, he steps boldly forth and appeals to that of every heiress he encounters. A new crusade, is it not, of a renegado of Islam after Christian cash? But, although he has not yet attained to fortune, his strides toward it are surprising; he has leaped into universal popularity. The COUNTESS OF CAUCHEMAR, who wields the divining-rod of the influential circle here, has sanctified him with her approbation; and, truth to say, the turbaned dog steps into his new character as if he had never known

another. He tells Christian lies and Pagan truths with native-born ease; he plays on a kind of gourd with ten strings and a hard name, and accompanies its titillations with songs which he is pleased to call '*Voices of Perfume*' — a species of mad-house melodies which, being very novel, are, of course, found very delightful. Reserve is no part of his character: he does n't stickle at confessing that he has already nine wives; on the contrary, they are offered as vassals to the prospective heiress — an immense compliment, these overtures to female Christendom. It must be an alluring prospect, that of being made mistress of a household of jealous Circassians, who, according to his portraiture, equal the muses in numbers and the graces in appearance.'

'I suppose he finds the objects of his worship rank unbelievers. Do any put faith in him?'

'They do indeed. Imposture has a strange fascination. He is run after like mad, even by the best people: belles vie with each other in charming him with all their charms; and if he has not yet been able to ring a *belle* of such *metal* as he covets, it is because he has come to a poor market. There are many Parisiennes who adore him; soften his title of *aventurier* into that of '*monsieur qui suit les femmes*,' and '*petit monstre*,' beside an hundred others which affection suggests; but, poor creatures, they are unfortunately upon the same errand as himself. Beside, most fair Franks would rather preside over nine male than nine female slaves, even were they roses of Bajoukdere.'

'Success to the East, for we owe it much. I really begin to think this is the court of Quintessence. Who else is a 'man of mark?' for, after all, appearances are a poor criterion of the real state of distinctions. Who is that Brutus-head?'

'*Parbleu*; that is, *Satan en bottes vernis*, a species of brave brute that abounds just now in these sad countries of sin and slaughter. An unmitigated monster is the FIRE-EATER: to use his own description, he is a 'duellist by profession, a major by title.' *Combativeness* is the 'ivory tablet' on which his whole phrenology is written. To accept his card, even in politeness, is as dangerous as handling hot iron. Egad! you never know what the consequence will be. He actually goes through the world *angling for duels*: unfortunately for humanity, he cannot find his fate in his passion, though the whole armory of small-swords, pistols, and other 'marking-irons,' has been brought to bear against his existence. The hyena has actually invented a new mechanical weapon for the process of 'repairing honor,' warranted to put adversaries on a more equal footing than any heretofore known, which he had the audacity to propose sending to the World's Fair. To the honor of Austria, it was rejected; and some gentleman in the civil service proposed that, in compensation of his ingenuity, an Order styled DES CHEVALIERS D'ENFER should be established, of which this *preux chevalier* might dispense the *cordons*.'

'And I suppose the gentleman in the civil service was, in his turn, rewarded with a cartel from the FIRE-EATER?'

'Far from it: a bully never penetrates a jest. On the contrary, the FIRE-EATER so exhausted his energies in grateful acknowledgment of the delicate compliment,' that he could not summon ferocity to fight again,

for full three months. But here he has entirely recuperated his pristine pluck. By dint of continuous ill-luck at gambling, (long may he live to enjoy it!) he has arrived at a pitch of amiability which only a flayed bear could emulate. Happily, of late he has so far lost caste by an ugly, unexplained trick at *ecarté*, that no gentleman feels bound to accept his bellicose favors, though they are scattered around as lavishly as the dead leaves in autumn.

'Well, here, I fancy, is a different character; this man 'sighing like a furnace' through a meerschaum-chimney.'

'But most assuredly he is not sonnetting 'to his mistress's eye-brow,' for it is HERR GOTTENGEN HEIDELBERG JENA VON LEIPZIG, the Prussian Professor of Omniscience; the man whose mind has been through a grist-mill; erudite in all nonsense, and shallow in brains of this world, like half of his book-born countrymen. *Hunc tu, Romane, caveto* — he is more formidable than the fire-eater. The difference between a duellist and a bore is, that the one dispatches you with a touch-and-go, as a guillotine; while the other is a sworn torturer, who binds you to the rack, body and soul. No matter where — in a ball-room, or, I do believe, in heaven, if he could get there — VON LEIPZIG will button you in a corner, and regularly proceed to bind you on the *peine forte et dure* with a night-mare of metaphysics. Oh! when his voice once, Lazarus-like, comes forth, your peace of mind may sigh farewell; no diplomacy can effect your salvation. I never met a bore who could even hold a blue-light to him for deadliness: his power is of the vampyre order; by some inexplicable fascination he can lull you into a distressful apathy, even while he fastens his suction on your soul. To be but half an hour alone with him is to comprehend the old ballad,

'Man is but a vapor.'

Just look at him now, lumbering along like a man going to his own funeral.

'But who is the mute lady on his arm?'

'With her bonnet trailing, and her head done up like a *poulet en papillotes*? Ha! ha! that is another intellectual illustration; another 'stalking oracle of awful phrase,' THE BARONNE VON BLUDGEONBORE.'

'What, the autocrat of all the Blues?'

'The same. I suppose you met her in Frankfort. She has rented a little Tusculum near the town for the season; a retreat yclept Arcadia, where she opens a *bureau d'esprit*, after the manner of the eighteenth century, gives *æsthetic teas* twice a week, to which all the *cognoscenti* are invited. You see how silent she is: her voice, in fact, is never heard until evoked by the green-tea nymph, and then she is a *boryphée*. The Baronne aspires to eminence absolute, not relative, at Baden, you must know. In a rash hour I once accepted an invitation, and attended — for I cannot say *assisted* — at one of her soirées. It seems that they had need of an *audience*: you know that a company of sublimated intellects is sometimes forced to adhibit some of the baser sort, like alloy in coin, to keep from dissolving away with excess of refinement. Not a token of recognition from any of them to any thing I said, although I complaisantly strove to adapt myself, and to talk as much like a fool as the rest. In fact, the Baronne once hinted something about causing *incon-*

*sequent distractions*, which seemed to import that I was to participate with my ears alone. Well, the literary lions were fed; I resigned myself to absorbent attention. Such sentiments and sentences! Such subtle distinctions of their myriad-minded selves from the many-headed outside! Such witticisms! strange and sombre as flashes from thunder-clouds! Their laugh was the most serious part of all; it put me in mind of the desolate shrieks of a South-American aviary. Their *esprit du corps* was affectation, which stalked about like a spectre, scaring away every thing good or beautiful. The very *pabulum* of their minds was book-mould. Their every idea seemed flicked on foolscap; thoughts done up in paper-scrap, like curls: their brains were like Genoa flagree, imitations of imitations; they were themselves unreal beings, brought together in an epicycle of feeble reflection. A cloudy-looking man would serve up some *rechauffé* sentiments of love or philosophy, which, it was evident, had been hashed and hashed over again, to be reproduced on periodical occasions. Another pamphlet-minded being would bring up some unctuous paradox, all writhing with ingenuity, which he would revolve with the luscious gusto of a Hottentot rolling a rich grub-worm under his tongue: and then the incomprehensible rejoinders and replications; and eke the Baronne at the piano with harmonious hand and many a silky sigh — as ugly as the angel above a church-door — singing an *ariette* to her soul — a man must be the pink of chivalry and pearl of gallantry to believe that she has a soul — and her great blue-boiled eyes gleaming with *entusiasmus* and tea. Then the soul-dissecting critiques of the ‘would-be wits and can’t-be gentlemen,’ who discuss *petits operas comiques* and *grand operas lamentables* as you might expect a drummer to play the harp; and then there is a tall and tender species of monster who ‘piles on’ the poetics, ‘thick and slab,’ like a mud-fresco, with his hand on his heart, and with such a bungling grace that Job himself would feel incited to choke him. Enough of *boudoir belles-lettrists*, who, ‘bit by the dipsas,’ instead of striving for the laurels of publication, are content to repose on the roses of coterie criticism, and to pour forth the efflux of their souls at such *bas bleu* reunions as this, which, in turn, award to their virgin modesty and Virgilian elegance a kind of double-refined-fourth-proof fame; a fame like the order of the garter, most flattering because most select. I listened duly and dutifully to half-a-dozen of these garbled farragoes of fudge; the miscarriages of blasé brains; prosopopeias of absurdity: they were execrable enough, but more deserving of commiseration than malison. Books have done wonders for them; taste, nothing. Just to see them turning up their old vellum-colored noses at the dynasty of dames and dandies of the KURSALL, which stands ‘between the wind and their nobility,’ and from whose light canons they disceit so virulently; and to hear a new proselyte of their club recite an ode in which he styles their literary labyrinth the ‘abode of the muses,’ and congratulates the Baronne on her classical proximity — just twenty stadia distant — to the *Fountain of Hippocrene*, as he profanely designated this Sangrado-Hall!

‘At last I felt sick of imitating Job. I was in the clouds, out of my element, and like the Emperor Augustus, I *aspired to descend*. A *fièvre de cheval* was upon me: my lungs refused any longer to breathe the affectation of their air. The stream of their discourse had been gradu-



ally widening and widening, with a yawning expansion, until at length it stagnated into a dismal lake, over which a laudanum mist seemed to impend. The *æsthetic tea* had been drunk to a drought, and the *metal dew-point*, when the brain-atmosphere deposits its most ethereal reveries, was reached: the BARONNE VON BLUDGEONBORE was reclining amid her elegant and refined sensibilities, like a cat in crockery, when I completely lacerated her delicate notions of *bien-séance* by rising to go. The truth is, that a charming Highland hoyden, who had been ill-starred enough to accompany me thither, had nearly contracted a strabismus through her despairing efforts to keep awake; and we mutually released each other from the situations in which we had so long remained, like Guatimozin and his minister, each on his own coals. We left them to their metempsychosis of dulness, and never returned to the scene where I had outraged the first principles of my being.

'At your old lunes—satirizing. But, good *diable boiteux*, who is the flabby little man, following like an ancient divinity, all wrapped in a cloud?'

'You mean that spaniel-man, freighted with a pipe and shawl. Did you ever see a man emit smoke with such a rushing abandon? That's the Baronne's husband, or male adjunct; for, not being literary, he cannot live on the same *platform*. He is as vain, and at the same time as *insouciant* of his wife as was King Candaules. The Baronne, according to him, is *un ange de savoir et un diable d'esprit*. Poor fellow! he solaces himself well enough with his mistress—his pipe. It's the custom of the country, you know, *on a plus de fumée que de roti* in Germany. Every body smokes; every thing smokes. Why, this very spring is introduced all the way from the reservoir up-hill, *smoking in a pipe*. Why then should the beer-blooded men abstain? I am convinced that the BARON VON BLUDGEONBORE would sooner part with his eye-tooth than his pipe.

'Do you see that group of men, all aloof and listless? That's the way with your veteran gamblers, always milk-and-watery in the morning; ascetics by day and Sybarites by night. In them you behold a Junto of Jasons, who are here, like the Argonauts of old, on an expedition after the GOLDEN FLEECE: it remains to be seen whether they will end or not in being fleeced themselves. As you value your appetite, as well as other tastes, let me conjure you not to engage in play. Look now at that miserable knot of conspirators, as they appear before breakfast, wrapped in the solitude of their atrocious mystery: the 'Secret Ten' of Venice were Samaritan saints in aspect, compared with *them*. If you are weary with the *riant* side of life, and wish to view its blacker features, you have only to come to the Kursall at midnight, and to watch the string of smileless souls who pour forth from the *Saloon of Finance*, looking as if just emerged from the Cave of Trophionius. Poor devils! they have forgotten how to take pleasure in any thing else. They remind me of the old man liberated from the Bastille, who found the uncongenial world without so unattractive to his vacant soul that he sighed again for incarceration. Baden, by the design of nature and the instrumentality of M. Benazet, is a refined Arcadia; but to the perverted vision of such men as these, it wears only the soil of the California which they seek.'

## A G E :   A N   A P O S T R O P H E .

BY THOMAS H. HOWARD.

O FROSTY Age! how chilling unto mine  
Thy hoar eye seems;  
Fleeting are now the homage and the shrine;  
Fleeting the clusters of the glowing vine;  
Fleeting the fond emotions, once divine,  
The passions and the dreams;  
And I am passing to thy chilling stage,  
O frosty Age!

Gone into shadow are Youth's morning flights,  
And lost the wings;  
Gone are Reality's once loved delights:  
Now, broken strings  
Speak to the heart of music passed away;  
Now, Father Time  
Darkens in shade Life's evanescent prime,  
Tells to the Soul of life beyond decay;  
Tells to the Sense the frailty of its clay;  
And I am passing to thy chilling stage,  
O frosty Age!

O frosty Age! along my path of years  
What hope appears?  
Shall Manhood yet renew its golden prime,  
Now lost to time?  
Shall the Hereafter still old treasures bring  
That here take wing?  
Eternity the feelings yet recall,  
Earth takes from all?  
Tell me, for I am passing to thy stage,  
O hoary Age!

Say, may again, without their mortal part,  
The joys return that grew within my heart;  
And first delights, beyond thy bounds, at length  
Recall their strength;  
And yet the grain that under summer-skies  
Clustered, be gathered where it scattered lies,  
Far from the margin of thy wintry stage,  
O cruel Age!

Upon the page  
Of endless Everlasting, shall disguise  
Cover my frailty to immortal eyes,  
O frosty Age?  
Are Care, Pride, Envy, Vanity, and Fear,  
Like Love, immortal? or do these dwell here?  
And Truth, Hope, Peace — congenial, simple, pure —  
Reason, Delight — shall only *they* endure  
Beyond the limits of thy chilling stage,  
O hoary Age!



O frosty Age! how chilling upon mine  
Thy hoar glance falls,  
While Youth's vain dreams at Passion's broken shrine  
My heart recalls!  
Spare me awhile the terror of thy glance;  
Spare me — oh, not to vision and romance —  
Spare me to give to Reason its lost sway;  
To Truth the fruits that Passion stole away;  
Then bear me freely to thy chilling stage,  
O frosty Age!

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#### MY OWN STATEMENT.

I WAS born in the year 1803, in an eastern city. I state this because it is the custom, whenever one begins a sketch in the auto-biographic style, to name the native place, whether it be an important point or not. To me, this question about a birth-place is a matter of small moment. I should have reached the same position I now hold, had I been brought into the world under a hedge. An error of civilization will always invest a man with honor, whatever may be his character, if he be born in a palace. I scorn such a feeling.

My parents being in comfortable circumstances, I received a good education. We lived in a large, old-fashioned house, near what is now the heart of the city. Long since, the mansion disappeared, crushed by the march of commerce. I will mention here as a curious fact, that after the death of my parents, and before the old house was demolished, my brother Tom, a silly, reckless fellow, (as you will see,) wandered about it, and even obtained the key, and moped for an hour or two in the deserted rooms, particularly his mother's chamber. It is a wonder that the moisture of the damp walls, oozing through the ragged paper, and the wind from the broken window-panes, did not make him sick; but I suppose the excitement springing from the sentimental nonsense rife in ill-regulated minds, destroyed the ill effects of the musty air.

I was never a favorite at home, even when a boy. My mother, to be sure, was always kind; but she loved my brother Tom and my sister Nancy better, a great deal better than me. My father was a strange sort of a man, and talked but little. He never liked me. My brother and sister rather avoided me; and Nancy, especially, never gave me reason to suppose she did any thing but fear me. I do not know the reason of this. I was always well-behaved; my principles were of the first order, and are to this day. I gave her a great deal of excellent advice, which she never followed. Many a lesson, too, has Tom had from me, concerning the proper course to succeed in the world. I might as well have advised infants. When I was old enough to see that I was not liked, I wisely kept away from them, and attended to my own affairs.

Having no fondness for play, I have, since my thirteenth year, engaged in no game whatever; therefore, in my boyhood I had no intimate companions. Why should I associate with boys when my mind was far away from them and their pursuits? The only lad I had any particular

liking for, was John Solomons, a youth of Jewish parentage; and he cheated me out of ten dollars in an affair of boyish traffic. I respected his adroitness, but the loss of the money galled me; and from that time I had no dealings with him. I was the more grieved in this matter, as I had arranged, as I supposed, to make the above sum out of him, when, by an unlooked-for and masterly stroke in the course of the negotiation, he obtained the advantage of me.

While very young, I observed the advantage which wealth gains. I noticed the general love of gold. Foreigners, particularly Englishmen, say it is the peculiar vice of this country. It is false. It is peculiar to no country; and during my visit to England, whither I went on important financial business, I found that, in that land, it was a passion which absorbed all the rest; it was even stronger there than the idolatry of rank, which is saying a great deal. The burly islanders have one great gift which quite charmed me—the art of keeping money after they get it. In this they are greatly in advance of us, for I consider our grand national fault to be an inability to hoard money, which is very painful to an enlarged mind. I say that I discovered early the great point to be gained in this world, and since that time I have devoted myself to the acquisition of wealth. I have always been strictly honest, but also strictly economical. I think a man has a right to his own: and if I do not choose to throw away my thousands to colleges or charitable institutions, in what am I to be blamed? What I have made I will keep. Let each man take care of himself.

When my mother died, I was about twenty-nine years of age; my brother Tom was twenty, and my sister Nancy seventeen. After this event, Nancy was much broken down: Tom was as bad as any woman I ever saw, while my father seemed to fail from that hour. Back-biters in the mercantile world have accused me of being heartless. They do not know me; for I am sure I was very sorry when my mother died, and when she blessed each of us before she departed, I wept. But why was it, that while Tom and Nancy grasped her hands and caught the unspeakable love of her dying-look, while my father knelt by her side, gazing in dry-eyed agony at her features, which the hand of death had already touched; why was it that I stood in comparative calmness at the foot of the bed? Some may say I wanted feeling; some may cant about heartlessness; but I say it was because I had been treated coldly by the family, and had gradually been induced to regard myself as a stranger at home. Did I not know that I was as capable of loving my mother as Tom, (who, by-the-bye, could never lay up a cent in the world,) could I have been allowed? Then what use is there in all this humbug about feeling? Perhaps the reason of Tom's greatness in my mother's eyes lay in the fact of his being a handsome fellow, for that sort of thing always takes with women. And I—to speak plainly—I was ugly. I am said to have a strange cast in my eye, which gives me a disagreeable expression. An enemy of mine has called it a stony, wicked look, as though I could help it if it were so. I am thin in person, and in early youth was afflicted with dyspepsia, which imparted to my haggard features a yellow tinge. Therefore, to fools and silly girls my form and features might have been unpleasing; but what of that? I thank

Heaven I am *not* a handsome man. The gift of beauty might have been a curse to me.

The house was lonely after my mother's death. My father walked gloomily about the rooms and in the garden, or passed hours in looking at the portrait of his wife which hung in the parlor. He left his business for some months entirely to me, and remained at home. He muttered a great deal to himself, and sat for long periods with Nancy's hand pressed in his. Once, when I was about to enter the sitting-room, I heard him say: 'My wife, my dear, dear wife! — come to me again!' or words of a similar purport; and on entering the room, I saw tears rolling down his cheeks. Sometimes I found him reading the Bible; sometimes Nancy would read to him, sometimes Tom. I never did, for he never asked me to do so: but I regretted that a man of his age could not bear up with more fortitude under affliction. When he again appeared at the office, his step was slow, and his eye, once so clear and searching, had a dreamy look, which denoted his thoughts were far away. Gradually I became the principal man in the business, and soon all was given up to me. My father now failed rapidly. He gave away handsome sums of money to divers charities, which vexed me; for what right had an old man, broken down by trouble, to throw away the property which would otherwise descend to his children, merely to ease his heart? I remonstrated with him. He gave me a cold smile.

'Joshua,' said he, 'charity is a thing you know nothing about. Permit me, while yet I live, to do some little good with my surplus funds. Fear not for yourself, for I know you well enough to say, that you will never want for money.'

I had, indeed, no hopes of aid from Tom; still I thought it my duty to mention this matter to him, and beg his influence to induce my father to desist from this course. Tom also smiled at me.

'Do you think,' said he, 'that for any such reasons as you urge, I would prevent father from enjoying, in any way, the decline of his life? You ought to have known me better.'

I ought, certainly: he was right there.

'Poor father!' continued he; 'he will not be here long. Do you not notice how rapidly he fails?'

'I do indeed, Tom,' answered I: 'he should n't mope so.'

'Mope!' cried he. 'Joshua, you are as cold-blooded as a fish!'

He was evidently in a rage, and so I parted from him.

Tom was right, though, about the health of my father. One bright summer evening, three years after mother died, the old man, who had been ailing for some weeks, and had been for a few days confined to his bed, passed away from us. It was a melancholy event; but it seems in the course of nature for parents to go before their children, and I soon reconciled myself to this dispensation. Necessary preliminaries being arranged, I was appointed to settle the estate. The business left by my father had been under my sole direction so long that I considered it as a matter of my own. I regarded it as my private property. To be sure, some mention was made by meddling relatives about giving Tom a share in it. But I immediately came forward and liberally offered to give up the entire business to him, while I established myself elsewhere,

stating that I was determined to get my living alone, or not at all. After this, Tom cheerfully abandoned the thing, and said no more about it.

My father left a will, dated some years back, by which he divided his property equally between us. This property consisted of fifteen thousand dollars, which was five thousand dollars for each of us. But I had succeeded in collecting in private business at different periods about ten thousand dollars, which was well invested. This additional sum to be received from the estate would fall into my hands in good season, for it exactly made up an amount necessary for a beautiful operation in which I intended to engage.

A day or two after my father's death, I found in his desk the following note addressed to me :

'MY DEAR BOY : Feeling that I have not long to live, I have collected sufficient strength to write this, my dying-request, to you.

'Five years since, when my will was made, I was in possession of a handsome property, but now I shall scarcely leave fifteen thousand dollars. This, my son, is but a small matter with three, but will afford an ample income for your sister Nancy. Tom and you can support yourselves. I have no fear on that point, and therefore I would prefer that your sister should have what little I may leave. But I wish to be just, and so desire you to mention this matter to Tom, and trust you will both agree to settle the whole amount which I leave upon her.

'For obvious reasons, I take this mode of informing you of my wishes, and shall rest in my grave believing that my sons will cheerfully comply with the last wish of their father.

This was a strange letter. Not satisfied with giving away much of the property before his death, my father wished Tom and me to throw away the balance of our shares now ; and I was the person selected to induce poor Tom to sign away his rights. I felt hurt, for it did not seem to me to be quite the thing. It was not what I expected from so honorable a man as my father. We were to give up to Nancy. Why ? Probably because she chanced to be a girl. Could we help that ? Of course not ; it was her misfortune. Beside, she was young and very pretty ; there was no doubt that some time some body would marry her. Even if no gentleman proposed to her, she could, by a little management, throw herself in the way of some rich old widower, and then the affair would soon be settled. I thought a long time over this matter. I slept uneasily the night succeeding my first perusal of it. I read it over a number of times, and tried to put some other construction upon it. I was anxious, as I have been in all instances, to pursue the proper course, and I finally decided, as I thought, honestly. In fact, I determined to destroy the letter. Now I did this, principally, from regard for Tom and Nancy, and not from any selfish motive ; for, in the first place, I knew Tom would accede to my father's request the moment he heard it ; thereby, from a sentiment of false generosity, cheating himself out of five thousand dollars. In the second place, the whole amount was too much money to be given to a girl ; the possession of such a sum would fill Nancy with vanity ; perhaps plant a certain independence in her character which might be disagreeable. These unhappy results I could prevent by keeping the letter a secret. In the third place — and I really do not think that this last consideration exerted so large an influence upon my mind as those just mentioned — with my share of the property,

I should be able to enter into the speculation before alluded to. Satisfied, then, that I was right, I burnt my father's letter.

To divide the property, I thought it necessary to sell the house, and told them so. They begged me to postpone the sale. Nancy cried bitterly, and Tom said he could not give up the place where he had been born, and where he had lived so long, until it was absolutely necessary. But it was a matter of business, and I was inexorable. They gave in at last. Sister Nancy went into the country while the new owner razed the house, but Tom remained in town, as sullen as a bear. He hardly spoke to me for weeks—to me, who was doing every thing I could for his advantage!

One evening, after tea, a day or two subsequent to the division of the estate, Tom called Nancy to him, and handing her a package of documents, said: 'There, Nancy, dear; take these certificates of stock for five thousand dollars or thereabouts, which brother Joshua handed me to-day, for my share of the estate. I have had them all transferred to you, and this amount with yours will, I trust, always enable you to live comfortably.'

'O Tom!' cried Nancy, a tear or two rolling down her cheeks; 'I cannot accept ——'

'Hush, Nancy,' replied Tom, smiling; 'you know nothing about these things. I insist, and you must even submit. You know I get a good salary, and have plenty of money for all my wants; and I feel so happy in doing this, that you ought to be ashamed of yourself to make the slightest motion of refusing; beside, I really think, from a hint or two of father's, that he in some sort expected me to do this.'

So Nancy sat down, laughing through her tears, saying: 'Bless you, Tom; you were always so good and kind! I'll do any thing you wish, and keep this money in trust for you, you know, against a rainy day.'

They did not notice me all this time, but appeared perfectly happy with each other. Quite a stranger to the family, as usual, they made of Joshua! I experienced a strange sensation during the progress of their conversation, and don't know to what to attribute it. I believe I blushed. At any rate, I snatched up my hat and left the house, and passed the evening in walking about the city. I had been a great deal confined to the office for a week before, and was probably nervous. I did not sleep quietly that night, and in my dreams my father visited me, and bent over me with a sorrowful face. However, in a few days I recovered the tone of my mind, and was as well in body and spirits as my dyspepsia ever allowed me to be at that period.

Time passed on. I was thirty-five years of age. It was proper I should marry. Moreover, I had seen a young lady who pleased me. I did not fall in love, for I never *fell* into any thing; but I fancied the girl, and was content to risk with her that portion of my happiness which might be dependent upon a woman. Her father was rich, of course, or I should not have looked at her twice. He was a merchant with whom I had dealings, and I purposely came in contact with him so often in a business way that he invited me to his house. I dined with him. Although Sarah was polite, she did not seem to be pleased with me. After this, I went frequently to the house, and at different times solicited

her company to places of public resort, but these invitations she never accepted. She was indifferent, certainly, but I entertained so good an opinion of myself, that I thought I could win a queen if I chose. My liking for her increased the more I was in her society. Had my nature been ardent, I should have been deeply in love, but I never allowed my passions to get the better of my reason.

My business increased, and I was already worth a handsome property. My position in the world made me almost sure of success. Every thing prospered with me, and at every turn I made money. The time was come when I thought it proper to bring affairs with Miss Sarah to a happy termination. Of her father I was sure. Devoted to the acquisition of money himself, he saw that I was one created to be rich. I mentioned my intentions to him only to receive his assent. Claspng me joyfully by the hand, he told me to consider the matter as settled; so from his counting-room I proceeded to his house to propose to Miss Sarah immediately. I asked the servant if she were at home. The man appeared embarrassed, and stammered 'Yes.' Feeling I had a right now to enter the house, I walked into the parlor, where there was rather an odd performance in progress. Seated on a couch, with a happy, beaming face, was Sarah, while over her was bending a gentleman kissing her fair hand as I entered. They both started and blushed as they beheld me. The gentleman was my brother Tom!

'Why, Joshua,' said he, with the old, good-humored smile upon his countenance, 'I was not aware that you neglected business so early in the day to call on the ladies.'

'Sometimes, Tom,' answered I, coldly, 'such things come in the way of business.'

'Is it me, then, whom you wish to see?' said Sarah, with symptoms of agitation.

'It is indeed, Miss,' replied I; 'and as it is about a matter exclusively our own, I shall be pardoned if I request brother Tom to leave us, notwithstanding the pleasant time he seemed to be having of it when I so unexpectedly broke in upon you.'

An angry flush lighted up Tom's face, and an indignant glance came even from Sarah's beautiful eyes.

'Nay,' said I, 'I meant no harm, Tom; but go now, to oblige *me*.'

'Oh, certainly,' said he, gaily, as he departed. 'Good-morning, Sarah; we'll meet again to-night.'

Both suspected my object, but what cared I? The affair was a novel and exciting one to me, and I was anxious to be well out of it.

'Miss Sarah,' said I, pointedly, 'you have no doubt observed the nature of my feelings toward you.'

'On the contrary,' answered the sarcastic girl, 'I didn't know you had any extraordinary feeling toward any one; and I certainly never troubled myself about you at all.'

'Then believe me when I say I love you; and I am come this morning to offer you my hand, my heart, and my — my —'

'Your fortune, no doubt,' said she: 'is that what you intend to say?'

'Yes,' replied I, determined not to be moved by her taunts. 'I offer



you all. I am rich. I shall be richer. Your father consents, and I am here to get your answer.'

'Then, Sir,' said she, in a pet, 'pardon me if I refuse the honor you offer.'

'Refuse me!' exclaimed I, with a faint feeling about the heart; 'and why, pray?'

'Simply because I *cannot* marry you.'

'Perhaps,' said I, 'my brother Tom has been before me; that I am too late?'

'I will be plain with you,' said she; 'he *has*: this morning I pledged myself to marry him.'

Had Tom been present, I think I could have stabbed him. But disguising my feelings, I bade her good-morning, and left, with a plan of my own in my mind. Her father was a man of violent temper, and there was no mother, luckily, to intercede for her, so I knew she must submit in time. From the house I went to the store of her father, and told him I had been refused. While the counting-room shook with his oaths, he told me to rest satisfied that Sarah should be my wife, and swore that he would break down her spirit. I went back to my business satisfied.

That night brother Tom did not see the young lady according to their agreement, for her stubborn father locked her in her chamber. Tom requested an interview with him, and told him he wished to marry Sarah, but was heartily cursed, and ordered out of the house. Afterward Tom called upon me. He was very abusive, and demanded that I should resign all claim to the girl. I lost my temper, for by this time I hated him a little, and told him he was a fool. Then Nancy came with her pretty face pale with sorrow, grieving for the brother she loved so well. She begged me not to destroy the happiness of Tom and Sarah, but rather to use my influence with the father and obtain his consent for their marriage. I told her that she was a silly girl; that I did not believe in woman's love which she prated about; that Sarah would in time love me a great deal better than she now did Tom; that it would be wicked for her to lose a rich husband, and marry one who had nothing but his salary to depend on, for a childish whim; that I was no Bluebeard, formed to make wives miserable and then murder them, as some of my relatives appeared to think. Then Nancy, too, departed, and troubled me no more about the matter.

Sarah was forced to consent. Indeed, nothing could withstand the terrible rage of her father. When pressed to appoint the day for our marriage, she was sullen, and named one so distant that I knew she was trifling with me; but her father came to my assistance, and the following Saturday was fixed upon. Notwithstanding all this, a wicked conspiracy was even then on foot to deceive us all. Luckily I discovered it. As I left Sarah's residence, the day before the one chosen for the marriage, I detected Tom skulking about the door. Unabashed, the scoundrel looked me boldly in the face; yes, at the very moment when he was meditating a deadly blow at my happiness. With certain misgivings in my heart, I passed on. Remembering that the man-servant had presented a very

guilty-looking face to me at our last encounter, I began to feel uncomfortable, and in a few minutes turned back.

'Now, my man,' said I, as the fellow opened the door, 'tell me the truth at once. What has my brother given you to aid him in this wicked scheme?'

'Twenty dollars,' said he, trembling. 'Sure, Sir, I was poor, and the temptation was too great for me; but do n't inform on me, I beg you, Sir.'

'Listen to me,' said I: 'turn against them, and when I am married, you shall have forty dollars. If you don't do so, you'll regret it until the day of your death.'

'I'll do any thing you wish, Sir.'

'Then, in the first place, what is this plot?'

'Your brother and Miss Sarah are to run away this afternoon. I have promised to get her out of the house, but upon my word, Sir, I do not know to what place they intend going.'

'Then,' said I, 'I shall trouble you to go to your master's store with me now, so that I can give him this information. By this, I can make sure of you in the mean time.'

The man obeyed me. When Sarah's father heard our story, he flew into a most violent passion. I was ashamed of him; especially on the way to his house, whither he immediately proceeded, followed by the servant and me. He accomplished the distance in a kind of excited trot, talking aloud to himself, cursing his daughter and my brother Tom, occasionally shaking his fist at the servant behind him, until those whom he encountered must have regarded him as drunk or crazy.'

We reached the house in proper season; for Tom, who had observed the man leave with me, immediately fearing betrayal, had managed to bring affairs to a crisis, and was handing Miss Sarah into a carriage as we turned the corner. In a moment the lady was dragged into the house, followed by the rest of the party. She (I really pitied her, she looked so pale and frightened) dropped, nearly fainting, upon a chair, while her father stood over her, mumbling in rage, clutching one corner of his coat with his trembling hand, and striving to regain his power of speech. Tom stood waiting to see what turn affairs would take, and the servant, terrified at the horrid look on his master's face, fled from the room. It was a dreadful scene; and had not the old gentleman been wealthy, and Sarah his sole heiress, I, too, should have departed, resigning all claims to her hand.

Finally speech came to him. It shook with mighty oaths, sometimes ascending to a shrill scream, and suddenly dropping to a hoarse, guttural sound, almost unintelligible. It would be useless to attempt to report his words here, but the last sentence of his harangue has never left my mind.

'If you do not, to-morrow, marry this man,' (pointing to me,) 'I will kneel and pray that power may be given me to curse you as never before father cursed a child. I will curse you—hear me—curse, curse, curse you, hourly, daily, always, until you end your miserable life in a gutter! There shall be no peace for you on this earth, for every where my curse shall howl in your ears!'

The girl rose and cast a long, despairing look at Tom, and said: 'Then may God forgive you, father, and help me! I will obey you.'

'Tom,' added she, reaching out her hand to him, but before he could catch it, she fell swooning to the floor.

'See,' said I to Tom; 'see the result of your meddling in my affair.'

But he only shook his head vaguely, and staggered from the room: he must have been quite broken up by the misery he had caused; but his interference was of no advantage to him, for Sarah and I were married the next day.

I entertained no doubt that all would now go smoothly. My wife accompanied me to the home I had furnished for her — a home to which had been brought every thing calculated to make a woman happy. During the first week she seemed to be in a dream — cold, pale, and resigned. Then she recovered a little, and took frequent rides about the country. She was restless, and talked much in her sleep, and sometimes even screamed while dreaming, so that once or twice I was greatly alarmed. I was pained to notice, too, that the color never returned to her cheek, nor the old light to her eyes. I found at last that she had resolved to be unhappy. Nothing I could do would bring a smile to her face, and sometimes she was wicked enough to shudder when I came into her presence. When her father visited us — an event seldom occurring — she treated him with cold respect, and I think she was so unfilial as to dislike even him. In truth, I did not lead a very happy life, and it was only the hopes of the large property which would belong to her, that induced me to bear with her whims and humors.

For some time I had not seen Tom. No doubt, feeling that he had grossly abused me, he purposely kept from my path. About six months after my marriage, however, I met him one day in the street intoxicated, and of course took no notice of him: he seemed to recognize me, and paused to give me an impudent, drunken stare, as I passed. Upon inquiry, I learned that his habits were very bad; that his employers, astonished at the sudden change in his behavior, had borne with his irregularities, and remonstrated with him, without inducing him to change for the better; and that, at last, he had been discharged from his situation, and was then residing with sister Nancy, who, when he was prostrated by excess, took care of him. Once, when under the influence of liquor, he called at my house, and demanded an interview with my wife. She very properly refused to see him, but was so excited by the event, that I was driven to call in a physician.

We had been married a year when my son was born. A thrill immensely different from any thing I had ever before experienced permeated my whole being when I found I was a father. I had never loved children, but the possession of this one filled me with a strange joy. Scarcely was the child a week old when my father-in-law died from a stroke of apoplexy. He left by will his whole property — a fortune — to his daughter.

My object now was, knowing how unfit Sarah was to take charge of money, to obtain possession of it. For this end, I formed and rejected many plans for working upon my wife's mind, to induce her to resign her claims. But there was no necessity for it, for my usual good-fortune

attended me even here. One day she sent for me, and commenced, in the usual cold, blunt style which characterized her intercourse with me:

'You married me for my money.'

I interrupted her with a deprecating shake of the head.

'Don't lie to me,' said she; 'I know you too well. You made a stepping-stone of broken hearts, to grasp with your avaricious hand at my fortune. My father is gone, and the money is mine. You have been devising schemes to get it from me—have you not?'

'No, upon my honor!' replied I; for she was getting excited, and I prevaricated a little to save her unnecessary pain.

'Pshaw!' sneered she; 'deceiving always! But no matter. You know I hate you; you fear that I will, in some way, deprive you of that for which you have damned yourself: you fear that now, perhaps, I am about to give to works of charity this money which has ruined me.'

'You surely don't intend, Madam,' exclaimed I, terrified, 'to toss away this valuable property in any such way! People might think you insane, and perhaps confinement would be necessary.'

'Don't fear it,' answered she calmly. 'This cursed stuff—the whole of it, every cent—I will freely, gladly give to you. By all my hopes of heaven, I will never touch a dollar of it! You, who have destroyed wife, brother, all, for this little pile of gold, deserve it certainly: and it shall be yours—yours!'

'Thank you, Sarah,' said I. 'You talk like a sensible woman: you shall make your will this very day, giving the property to me; for if your mind is made up, the sooner it is done, the better.'

'A will!' cried she; 'you shall not wait until my death to possess the property; you shall have it now—this day. Arrange the papers to bring this about, and I will thank you.'

'It shall be done immediately,' said I, hardly able to conceal my joy.

'Stay!' she added; 'I grant this on one condition.'

I turned back troubled, for I feared her fancies.

'Swear to me,' said she, pointing to the child in her lap, 'that this boy shall never receive one cent of it; that, if you marry again, other children shall have the whole of your fortune; that my son shall, at your death, be poor and dependent on himself; that this weight of gold shall not be hurled upon him to crush him, body and soul, as it has me.'

I took this odd oath, of course, to pacify her, and before night the money was mine.

Sarah never recovered from her confinement, and died about two months after. Why should I pretend a sorrow for her loss? She lived unhappily with me, and as I wish to state facts as they are, I say boldly I felt more comfortable after her death. At the funeral, my sister Nancy led Tom into the room. I did not see them enter, but, on turning, I beheld Tom in a sort of shiver bending over the coffin, and Nancy clinging to his hand, trying to draw him away. His actions threw the whole company into confusion, so that I was compelled to aid Nancy in taking him out. At the front door, recovered by the fresh air, he turned and saw me. A hissing noise came from his lips, and he said, 'Murderer!'

For the first, and I humbly hope the last time, I made use of profane

language; but as Nancy dragged him immediately away, I regained my temper, and followed the hearse to the grave.

And now I was rich. Notwithstanding the stories told of me by Nancy, Tom, and more distant members of my family, and the false rumors about my avarice and heartlessness, emanating from sources downtown, I have been very successful in all my operations. I am pointed out as the rich merchant. Men — ay, men of talent — bow to me in the streets, whisper to each other as I pass them in a crowd, or cringe, like whipped dogs, before me in my counting-room. Young men, just entering business, and eager in the pursuit of gold, gaze at me in awe, and fathers hold me up to sons as a model of industry and self-denial. People beg me to take charge of banks, and humbly ask the influence of my name for rail-road boards. Folks like to be seen walking with me in the street. What I, 'the rich Mr. ——,' say, is quoted to admiring crowds in insurance-offices, and happy he who received the saying from my own mouth. Men high in office seek my society, and young artists request a sitting, that my portrait may adorn their studio-walls. My ships are coining money, and my stocks pay me enormous dividends. See how a straight-forward and industrious course is blessed! Were I selfish and hard-hearted, more than other men, would not my conscience tell me so? It tells me nothing of the sort. Beside, I have always prospered, and wicked men, according to the tradition, never do so.

Joshua and Tom! Observe the difference between us. I have been industrious, self-respectful, and abstemious, and I am rich and honored. But Tom, who in early life never followed my advice; who subsequently endeavored to poison my happiness; who, from a simple disappointment in love, took to liquor, died at last in an insane asylum, a victim to his excesses. We both have had our reward!

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A SIMILE IN VERSE.

Nor in the garish blaze of noon  
Most rapturous the landscape seemeth;  
When Summer walks with pictured shoon,  
And verdure-kissing glory beameth:

But when soft Twilight's stilly hour  
Like a sweet dream of song descendeth;  
And with its dewy spell of power  
The heart with Nature's beauty blendeth.

'Tis then the forest, field, and lea,  
Bathed in the mellow tints of even,  
Prompt the rapt soul most glowingly  
To paint its mental map of heaven.

And so 'tis not when Fortune's blaze  
Above the unclouded soul is brightest,  
That Love its dearest form displays:  
For the best heart is not the lightest.

But when the hours of trial come,  
Like gloaming shadows, dark and palling,  
Love's purple light doth tint the gloom,  
On all like heaven-dipped mantle falling.

E W B. CANNING.

Stockbridge, Mass., 1853.

## WANTASTIKET:

OR CHESTERFIELD MOUNTAIN, NEAR BRATTLEBORO', VERMONT.

'T WAS autumn; but the summer air,  
 Still lingering mid the tinted trees,  
 Breathed musical its noon-tide prayer  
 In wood-land harmonies:  
 When from the mountain's lofty brow  
 The vale a gorgeous scene disclosing,  
 We viewed the pictured world below  
 In purple robes, at peace reposing:  
 Where spreading fields, in russet clad,  
 And waving woods of varied hue,  
 Glowing in golden sun-light, blend  
 With lake and river steeped in blue.  
 From southern skies the fleecy clouds  
 Float on the breeze; and under them  
 Their phantom-shadows speed to veil  
 Ascutney's mountain-diadem.  
 The white-walled village lies beneath,  
 With many a spire from house of prayer;  
 The gleaming river lingers near,  
 As loth to leave their holy care;  
 While the bright lake by Wickoppee,  
 In its rich, warm, contented blue,  
 Gives back to heaven a glance of love  
 That rivals it in hue.

'T is silent all; no sound disturbs  
 The quiet of that vast immense —  
 A vocal silence, far beyond  
 The most expressive eloquence.  
 From yon lone, tall, and storm-tossed pine,  
 We search the horizon's eastern bound,  
 Where Sunapee's winding waters twine  
 Round clustered hills with forests crowned,  
 And vast Monadnock towering piles  
 His giant crest against the sky:  
 Now decked in sun-beams, life-like, smiles  
 Serene in mountain majesty;  
 And now, as lour the darkening heavens,  
 In grim repose a monstrous form;  
 Or, restless mid the shifting shades,  
 Impatient waits the storm.

Land of the free! thy rugged hills  
 Have yet a native grace;  
 More genial soil would scarce create  
 New-England's hardy race.  
 Their sturdy souls, their vigorous frames  
 Are of thy granite grown:  
 A fitting home for noble men  
 That land — it is our own!  
 And on its mountain-altars there,  
 For ages yet to be,  
 Unceasing shall the grateful heart  
 Thank God for Liberty.



Long on Wantastiket that day  
 We strolled in social chat together,  
 Or, lost in pleasant reverie,  
 Enjoyed the glorious weather.  
 That noble scene, so bright, so vast,  
 To memory shall cling,  
 With choicest relics of the past,  
 Till Time shall fold its wing:  
 And of its glowing forms embalmed,  
 The brightest thought shall be,  
 That on that mountain-pilgrimage  
 You bore me company.

A. C. T.

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 SKETCHES OF TRAVEL AND CHARACTER.
 

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'La voix du peuple, qui se tait sur les monumens élevés à la gloire des rois, a donné à quelques parties de cette île des noms qui éterniseront la perte de VIRGINIE.'

*Port-Louis, Island of Mauritius, Nov. 14, 18—.*

THIS morning I rose early, and, accompanied by three of my messmates, drove out to the 'maison blanche,' the hospitable mansion of Monsieur D——e. The day has been a lovely one, and I think I never enjoyed a drive more. A thin mist, which had overspread the earth during the night, was gradually vanishing under the influence of the morning sun; glen, hill, and dale were jocund with the sweet carol of the 'bengalis;' and the breeze, which had toyed all the morn with fruits, flowers, and spices, came to us richly laden with their aromatic perfumes. The landscape was picturesque in the extreme. Behind us rose 'Pietes-booth,' with its martello-capped peak; on the right reposed a Malabar village, half hid amid a cluster of palmettos; on the left was the sea, with the little isle of Ambre, surrounded by fearful reefs: and at every break in the mountain which towered in front of us might be seen the smiling valley of Pamplemousse, seeming, like Naples, to be 'a little bit of heaven dropped down upon the earth.' No where have I seen nature more prolific than in this delightful vale. The branches of the mango were interwoven with those of the orange; close beside the lowly plantation shot up the stately palm; and on an eminence, at no great distance from the parish-church, stood two lofty cocoa-nuts, which I associated in my mind with the names of Paul and Virginia.

It being a market-day, the road was thronged with persons wending their way to San Louis. Now came the lively Creole, in loose jacket and 'chapeau de paille;' next the florid Englishman, with drab-coat and beaver-hat, looking warm and ill-humored; then followed, in rapid succession, the trafficking Chinese, with unmeaning countenance and unbecoming garb; the graceful Malabar, with his skull-cap, red jacket, and white linen trousers, loose at the hips, and drawn tight around the ankle; the black Ethiopian, with no dress at all; and last in the procession, but first in my esteem, strode the haughty Arab, arrayed in the striking costume of his native land — sandals on his feet and sabre by his side. About noon,

we reached Mons. D——e's, where we were most hospitably welcomed: and after partaking of some slight refreshment, we walked over the plantation with the family, and then turned our steps toward the *Tombs*. These are of brick, roughly covered with plaster; the one which they have chosen to designate as Paul's being surmounted with an urn of potter's-clay, much defaced by the hands of the traveller, while Virginia's has been entirely despoiled of this trite yet appropriate ornament. Aside from the reminiscences connected with them, they are scarce worthy a passing glance, but the spot in which they are placed is charming; and mother Earth seems to have presented her choicest fruits and fairest flowers at the shrine of her who offered up her life a sacrifice to her modesty. As I recalled to mind the beautiful language of Paul: 'The azure of heaven is less beautiful than the blue of thine eyes; the song of the bengalis less soft than the sound of thy voice,' with the innocent response of Virginia: 'The rays of the morning-sun, my brother, give me less joy than thy presence,' and all the touching scenes through which Saint Pierre has carried them, until the last, sad farewell, I could fain have wished that the story had rested on a better foundation; that Paul and Virginia had had more than an ideal existence; that the stranger who visits this sacred spot might retire from it like the old man when he had finished his tale, 'en versant des larmes'—bursting into tears.

#### THE OLD QUARTER-MASTER: A FRAGMENT.

'WHY don't you bag them, Sir? they's a deal easier in their minds when they's bagged, and they goes to sleep like nothing, Sir,' said the signal-quarter-master, touching his hat.

'Bag them!' cried the amazed first-luff; 'bag them! why, what the devil do you mean, Durfee?'

'Why, LORD love you, Sir,' responded the old tar, 'we had three chaps in the last steamer I was in, as was a deal noiser and more quarrelsome than what these 'ere ones is. Well, what does the old man do but goes to work and puts them all in coal-bags! They was quiet enough before long, and they begged *dreadful* hard to be let out, I can tell you; just as these 'ere fellers would do if you sarved them right, Sir!'

The first-lieutenant caught at the suggestion, and many minutes had not elapsed ere three of our 'dingy-boys,' who went to market this morning, and thought proper, as soon as they reached terra-firma, to kick up what they called 'a regular muss,' were snugly stowed in coal-bags, and laid out under the hurricane-deck. They were quite merry at first; in fact, positively facetious, making a number of witty remarks, and occasionally rising to their feet and staggering to and fro, looking, for all the world, like so many Egyptian mummies who had just been resuscitated from their tombs, and whose limbs were rather stiff and sore yet from their long *bandagement*. By degrees, however, they lost their hilarity; and now the prediction of the quarter-master began to be verified. After sleeping soundly for several hours, they awoke greatly subdued, and were, no doubt, a 'deal easier in their minds,' for they begged most penitently and earnestly to be released from their straight-jackets. I am strong for bagging, for it certainly does put the culprit to sleep 'like nothing,' and

is decidedly the most efficacious mode of punishment I have seen resorted to under the moral-suasion system. Moral suasion ! Praised be ALLAH, I have at length found out the meaning of the term moral suasion, being no more nor less, gentle reader, than the very blackest and dirtiest coal-bag you can possibly pick out.

*Island of Johanna, Nov. 30th, 18—.*

YESTERDAY afternoon, a number of us went ashore with Prince Draymon 'to see whatever could be seen.' The first place he conducted us to, was the square appropriated to bull-fights, where, as he informed us, a combat of this nature would come off that very evening. Here were collected the entire male population, young and old ; and, perched upon the stone arch above the gate of entrance, were a score of musicians—'God save the mark !'—beating as many *tam-tams*, all evidently animated with the fixed intention of making the most noise possible in the least possible space of time. All at once there arose a mighty shout from the crowd, followed by a most extraordinary display of long heels, as each individual member of it *broke* for the nearest wall, 'like mad.' 'Huzza !' cried I, exultingly : 'I missed these sports in Spain, but fortune has at last smiled upon me ; the actors in the tragedy about to be enacted are arriving ; now, as good old Sancho Panza would say, 'Cierto son los toros !'' At this moment a dilapidated-looking body near me uttered some words in the Johanna dialect, which, I needed no interpreter to tell me, signified : 'There is no God but God—here comes the bull !' He came, indeed, but, as Brahma once came, in the form of a 'stump-tailed cow ;' and I found, to my chagrin, that the Prince had spoken metaphorically, after the manner of the Arabs, or in a Pickwickian sense, after the manner of Mr. Winkle, when he dignified the scene which ensued with the name of bull-fight ; it being no more nor less than a sort of shawl-dance around and about the aforesaid bob-tail, variegated now and then with a fine display of the *shawlero's* agility, as he leaped upon the walls to escape being transfixed by the bob-tail short horns—and behold the alpha and omega of a Johanna *bull-fight* !

The Prince now told us he was about to take unto himself a third wife, (two not being sufficient for a man of his exalted station,) and invited us to accompany him to the house of his intended's mother, whither he had to repair every day for a week, to receive from his Dulcinea a present of fruits and flowers, after which they would set eyes on each other for the first time, and become husband and wife. We accepted his invitation, and were witnesses to a somewhat singular ceremony. As we entered the parlor of the princess in anticipation, she and her mother retreated to an adjoining room, while the Prince did the honors of the house, to his eternal credit and our entire satisfaction, by asking us 'to make ourselves at home !' As soon as we were comfortably seated, a female slave, with rings in her ears and nose and on her ankles, and a sash about her waist, (a somewhat fanciful costume, and *slightly airish* withal, I must confess,) entered, bearing a tray filled with *areca*, the leaves of the pepper-betel and lime, which she presented, kneeling, first to the Prince, then to the guests : afterward came two others, attired in white, and literally covered with silver ornaments, bringing boxes of oint-

ment, and an incense-burner containing ambergris, with which they perfumed and anointed our beards; and lastly appeared a young damsel with garlands of the orange-blossom, and some half dozen necklaces of spice: the former she distributed to all; the latter to the Prince only: and then crossing her arms on her bosom, and bending her head in token of submission, she took her station with her sisters in front of the chair occupied by his Highness, and, marvellous to relate, the performance was over!

My companions now took their leave, the slaves withdrew to an inner apartment, and I remained alone with the Prince, who took his lute, and commenced playing for my diversion, while I reclined on a sort of settee or couch, and endeavored to realize all the romance of my situation; but vain was the attempt. The couch, it is true, was a silken one, but the silk was old and faded, and not over clean; the lute bore a strange resemblance to a corn-stalk banjo; and, do what I would, I could not conceal from my organ of smell the unpleasant fact that the minstrel, bona fide prince as he was, was a negro nevertheless; and, what was worse, a confoundedly odoriferous 'nigger' at that! At sun-set, I bade the odoriferous prince an affectionate adieu, and returned to my vessel rejoicing.

#### REMINISCENCES OF RIO.

YESTERDAY (August 15th) was celebrated the assumption of Our Lady Santa Alipio; and if it be permitted to disembodied spirits to behold what is passing in this mundane sphere, it must have done her Ladyship's heart good to witness the rejoicings on this festive occasion. Guns were discharged, bells rung, and waxen tapers expended! Congregated about the fish-market were divers groups of men and women, dancing merrily to the sound of the *macheta*, a stringed instrument of the genus banjo. Several of the females, both in dress and agility, would have formed no mean rivals to 'Cutty-Sark;' while among the males there was one whose highly elaborate and classic performance forcibly reminded me of Richard's Swiveller's prodigious efforts, when he had a mind to show Miss Sophy Wackles 'what manner of man she had had the hardihood to trifle with.' Surely, to a man who, like myself, delights in witnessing the happiness of his kind, there could not have been a more pleasing spectacle than this; yet did I not tarry long to gaze upon it. The fragrant gale, redolent *not* with the perfume of the orange-blossom, but with that of stale fish and ill-digested garlic, was setting briskly toward me; the odoriferous particles of the former had often before saluted my olfactories in this very *plaza*, and I call the *pescadoras* to witness that on such occasions I unflinchingly maintained my ground; for those which the savory herb exhales I confess to a decided penchant. But this combination of sweets—ye gods! My position was no longer tenable, and I beat a hasty retreat.

*Island of Zanzibar, December 4th, 18—.*

'In vain did I endeavor to make the Israelites keep one day holy out of seven; and thinkest thou to exact five prayers daily from thy people?'

INTERVIEW BETWEEN MOSES AND MAHOMET.

THE ship has been thronged to-day with Banians and Arabs; among

the latter was Mahomet — doubtless a lineal descendant of the ‘great prophet’ — an intelligent lad some fifteen years old, who insisted upon accompanying me on shore as my guide and interpreter. As I had some purchases to make, I first directed my steps, by his advice, to the shop of a Hindoo woman. She, like the rest of her country-women here, had a massive gold ornament suspended from her nose, of the shape and dimensions of a medium-sized padlock; and on her arms and ankles were some dozen silver hoops, each weighing not less than half a pound. Her complexion was olive, her features regular, her hair and eyes black; and when she smiled, she disclosed two rows of teeth of more than pearly whiteness. Altogether I was quite pleased with her, and disposed to give cheerfully any price she might choose to set on the articles I required. Not so Mahomet: he had a long and angry altercation with her for being so exorbitant in her demands, several times threatening (as I afterward learned from him) to take *his friend* to another store; and when he had at last struck a bargain with her, and given her a piece of money in payment, too large to liquidate his debt, I noticed that he examined with a scrutinizing eye the change he received, returning to their fair owner several small silver-coins whose *jingle* did not please his ear, and resolutely insisting upon receiving others in their stead. ‘Mahomet,’ said I to him as he sauntered leisurely along through by-ways and cross-roads, ‘why did you create such an uproar in that shop just now?’

‘Oh, Hindoo woman too muchee cheat!’

‘Why, then, do you not trade with the Arabs?’

‘Arab man? he cheat all same — all cheat!’

He now led the way to the place where the Hindoo cows are kept, it being the hour when the Banians assemble there to do them homage. Some of the worshippers merely inclined their heads to the ‘mothers of the gods and of three worlds;’ others accompanied this reverence with a folding of the arms on the breast; and a very few, after walking three times around the sacred animals, kissed them most reverently on the forehead. A Banian merchant who was present gave me a long and interesting account of his belief, saying, among other things, that the Hindoo worships the cow, as the Persians did the sun, ‘not as a divinity, but as the best gift of the Creator.’ In passing through the streets, which are not over twelve feet broad from house to house, I had once to draw aside rather hastily to avoid being trampled upon by a huge camel; and two spirited little donkeys which immediately after jogged by, placed their hoofs in a very uncomfortable proximity to my nether extremities: the former of these, being led by a swarthy-looking fellow, with a long flowing beard, and having an Arab woman, closely veiled, on his back, brought vividly to my recollection the story in *Don Quixote*, of Ruy Perez de Viedmar and the Moorish maid Zoraida.

The voices of the *almuedens* or heralds were now heard from the towers of the various mosques, calling the Arabs to their sun-set devotions. At this solemn warning all business was suspended; the hum of the busy multitude ceased, and an awe-inspiring stillness, like that which pervades a Catholic community at the sound of the vesper-bell, reigned throughout the town. As I wended my way to our evening-boat, I passed a crowd of devotees kneeling in the streets; and when I reached

the sea, my eye fell upon an innumerable host stretched prostrate on the beach, with their faces turned toward Mecca. As I lingered a moment to gaze upon this singular spectacle, my heart was troubled, and my thoughts were very, very sad. Within a few weeks I had witnessed the various forms of worship of the Christian church; I had seen the negro with his fetish, and the Chinese in the presence of his idols; and here, on this very afternoon, I had conversed with the Brahmin and the Mohammedan. Where, then, was truth to be found, and where an altar upon which to lay down 'the sacrifice of a contrite heart?' And I found my answer in the responses of the Pariah: 'In Nature itself,' said the Pariah; 'Nature is my pagoda, whose AUTHOR I adore each morn at the rising of the sun, and each eve at its setting. Instructed by misfortune, I never refuse my assistance to one more unhappy than myself.' 'And this,' said I to myself, 'this is the true faith: the light of heaven, like that of the orb of day, shines not for a particular people, or a single tribe only, to the exclusion of the rest of the human family, but for all and upon all, whether Jew, Christian, or Gentile! To think otherwise would be to tax God with injustice — and who, save the ALMIGHTY Himself, can raise a temple worthy of His Majesty?' F. A. P.

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OH! TEACH ME TO FORGET.

## I.

By the broken stem and the withered flowers;  
 By the sands on the rough sea-shore;  
 By the fleeting shades of other hours,  
     That are passed to return no more;  
 By the honey-bee's hum, as he soars away;  
     By the spider's tangled net  
 O'er the dewy grass at early day,  
 Oh! teach me to forget!

## II.

By the mournful plaint of the turtle-dove  
     Whose mate has pined and died;  
 By the rending sigh of slighted love  
     That's crushed by haughty pride;  
 By the cold, pale moon, that guards on high  
     The mild stars ere they set;  
 By the mellow tint of the autumn sky,  
 Oh! teach me to forget!

## III.

By the airy flight of the butter-fly gay,  
     That has 'scaped from his chrysalis hoar;  
 By the first blushing rose of early May  
     That blooms by the cottage-door;  
 By the circles upon the summer-sea,  
     That expand still wider yet;  
 By the tall grass waving o'er the lea,  
 Oh! teach me to forget!

L. L.



## A F E W P H O T O G R A P H S .

FROM THE FRENCH.

It was at Paris that the Daguerreotype first 'saw the light.' That is but a few years ago; it is still in its teens; and yet it has travelled to the antipodes. It thrives best where the sun shines brightest; no where better than at its birth-place, where the supply is hardly equal to the demand for it.

But it is not the Parisians alone who patronize it there. Few strangers depart from that city without having first submitted themselves to the operation of sun-pictures; some, because they fancy the art carried to greater perfection in the metropolis than elsewhere; others, with a view to enjoying the little vanity of saying to their provincial friends, 'Have you seen my daguerreotype? I got it touched off the last time I was at Paris.'

There are a great many practitioners of this ingenious process in all the large cities, their studios — or laboratories, rather — being indicated by a frame of portraits suspended at the street-door. Photographers they are, but not painters; for it is Phœbus himself who dashes you off with his 'pencil of light,' and for the sum of ten francs you can have a good specimen of his hand and of your own face, miniature-size. Ten francs! it's hardly worth while to go without your portrait for such a paltry consideration. Surely, for so famous an artist, Phœbus is singularly reasonable in his charge!

Attracted by the frame of portraits, you walk up-stairs, and into a room that looks something like a shop without the wares. There is no display of goods here to beguile customers; nothing looks like business but the small compartment at the window, screened off with canvas, in which recess the sitter is placed. But this little chamber is not always unoccupied on your arrival; for there are, usually, a good many people there on the same errand as yourself, and every body has to wait until his turn comes. In the mean time you are at liberty to walk about, to sit down, or to chat with the assistants of the establishment, whilst choosing a plate of the size fancied by you; and if you wish your portrait to be of a better class than a ten-franc one, you select a frame also, which is fitted to the plate forthwith. You soon discover that a great many preparations are necessary before the sun is called into requisition; and you also perceive that a good deal of skill is required in the process, as well as the greatest care; for the neglect of a single application, or a clumsy style of manipulating, would cause the operation to fail altogether.

It is amusing to observe the characters in the reception-room, waiting till their turn comes for a sitting, or driving a bargain with the assistants.

Here comes a man from the suburbs, with his wife tucked under his arm; they want their likenesses to send to an old aunt in the country, and wish to know what it will cost; and they are told that the lowest price is ten francs apiece.

The man—a cattle-dealing sort of man he is—looks at his wife, a great rural dame clad in coarse homespun, who, after considering a while, shrugs up her shoulders and says:

‘Ten francs for each of us! that’s more than we’re worth, I doubt; but if you could make it something less——’

‘You ought to knock off a trifle in regard of there being two of us,’ chimed in the husband. ‘Couldn’t you make it six francs the pair, now?’

The operator refers them to his scale of prices posted at the door, and proceeds to attend to the demands of his other customers; and so the good man and his wife take counsel by themselves.

‘It’s too dear, is ten francs,’ says she, with a calculating air; ‘that would come to twenty francs for the couple, and I’d rather not be done at all than be done that way: and beside, they’re ugly, sooty things, after all, are these dagger-picters. For my part, indeed, I’d rather have myself painted with a brush.’

‘A brush! oo ay, with a lick o’ paint on it. But what need of a brush and paint when a picter comes by itself?’

‘Hold your stupid tongue, good-man goose! Our faces a’n’t smirched like that, are they? Why, when we look in the glass, o’ Sundays, don’t we see the color of our hair, and our eyes, and our cheeks, and our noses, and our clothes, and every thing?’

‘Well, well, but there ben’t no paint in the looking-glass, for all that; the picter comes by itself.’

‘Nonsense, old man! let’s be off; but first let’s have a look at the tally of prices he talks about.’

And so, down-stairs they tramp to inspect it. Soon after, the door opens, and an individual, dressed in somewhat of a ‘flash’ style, makes his appearance. He has rings in his ears: bleachers at Paris wear them, and sometimes persons troubled with weak eyes. With this swell-gentleman come two ladies, one pretty, the other very plain.

‘I have had my portrait painted very often,’ says the plain one, ‘but some how it never was like. All the artists said I was remarkably difficult to catch. I am quite impatient to try the success of this new process.’

‘Oh, there can be no mistake about the success,’ rejoined the pretty one; ‘the likeness *must* be accurate, since it is an actual reproduction of nature. Is it not so, M. Mouillé?’

‘Oh yes, it’s a reproduction decidedly—that is to say, you know—allow me to explain—in fact, it’s a reproduction.’

And the gentleman with the ear-rings nods his head didactically, as he delivers himself of this lucid explanation.

‘What a very extraordinary fact,’ remarked the plain lady, ‘that one’s image can be self-impressed upon a plate by the power of light! It is the power of light that does it, M. Mouillé, isn’t it?’

‘Permit me to explain the process, madam. It’s the light of the sun—no, the light of science, concentrated by optics and chemistry, combined with the light of the sun, that obtains so beautiful an effect. In fact, as you have justly remarked, it’s the power of light that does it.’

And again the swell-gentleman’s ear-rings vibrated to his didactic nod.

'Have you ever had yourself daguerreotyped, M. Mouillé?' inquired one of the ladies, in a tone of deep interest.

'No, Madam; I have no fancy for these dark portraits; give me something with color in it. In fact, I flatter myself that I possess a pretty good complexion, an advantage not displayed by the daguerreotype process,' said M. Mouillé, drawing himself up.

'Dear me! how long one has got to wait!' cried the pretty lady, addressing herself to one of the assistants, who was polishing a plate. I thought, Sir, that portraits in this style were taken in an instant.'

'The sitting for a portrait, Ma'am, does not occupy more than fifty seconds; but some time must elapse before the plate is ready for delivery, even when the image comes out well upon the first trial, which is seldom the case.'

'And what is the reason of that, pray?'

'There are fifty reasons, Ma'am, for the failure of an operation. For instance, one may have employed too much of this preparation and not enough of that; or——'

'Oh, I don't want to know all that; but when the process fails, what do you do then?'

'We try it over again, Ma'am, and keep repeating the process until the image is properly developed. We never think of palming off a defective portrait upon a customer.'

Here, a young gentleman who has been waiting some time for his turn, rises from his chair, saying, 'Fifty reasons for a failure, and try it on fresh every time! Oh, that's a good one! Catch me waiting any longer!' and away he goes.

'That's the way with the Parisians,' said the daguerreotypist; 'if you don't play the mountebank with them, they mistrust you. Now, that young spark will go some where else, where they'll say nothing about failures, and a nice picture they'll make of him, I'll be bound. The sitting-room is ready, Ma'am: walk in, if you please.'

At this moment the bumpkin and his wife return, saying to the photographer:

'Can't you knock off the two of us, now, for eight francs? Won't that suit your book?'

'No second-price here,' says the man of plates, and, turning abruptly away, he ushers the pretty lady into the little tent-like sitting-room, where she is seated in a chair fitted with a peculiar apparatus for keeping the sitter's head in a proper position. A point is indicated to her, upon which she is requested to keep her eyes firmly fixed.

'Now, ma'am,' says the operator, 'remain perfectly still for a moment, if you please; do not even wink, if possible.'

The lady looks straight before her; not a breath is perceptible, not the twinkle of a silken eye-lash, so anxious is she to obtain a good likeness. But the minute appears an age to her, and her eyes are just beginning to shrink from the intense light, when the daguerreotypist shuts up the lens, saying, 'That will do, Ma'am.'

'Oh, pray do let me see it!' cries the lady, with great excitement.

'Not yet a moment, Ma'am, if you please; but if you will be so good as to join your friends, I will soon let you know whether we have succeeded or not.'

The lady rejoins her party. There have been several fresh arrivals during her short absence.

'Well,' says M. Mouillé, 'what sort of a process is it? Were you frightened?'

'Frightened! I should think not; but it tires one's eyes a little, I can tell you. Oh, dear me, I'd give the world to know whether it has succeeded!'

In a few minutes the daguerreotypist again enters, saying, 'Perfectly successful, Ma'am! I don't think I ever saw a portrait come out better.'

'Oh, how glad I am! But where is it?'

'You shall have it in a minute or two, Ma'am.'

In about a quarter of an hour he returns with the portrait. The likeness is acknowledged by every body, even by the lady herself; but she sighs as she gazes upon it, and says mournfully,

'Ah, what a sad expression! There is something about the daguerreotype that bespeaks a hand not of this world. Surely, to punish us for penetrating her mysteries, Nature touches us with the shadowy hand of death in revealing them!'

'Now for my turn!' cries the plain lady; 'let us see whether Nature will not be kinder to me.'

At this moment, back come the two bargainers, the woman saying, as she opens the door, 'Another franc, Master—will that do the business?'

The daguerreotypist takes no notice of them, but escorts the plain lady into the sitting-room. Here she immediately throws herself upon the chair in a striking attitude, which she rapidly changes, however, for another, and is about proceeding to execute a series of picturesque effects, when the daguerreotypist endeavors to recall her to a sense of business, saying, 'Pray decide upon your attitude, Ma'am, and then remain motionless for a few moments.'

'Wait a minute, Sir; not yet, if you please: shall I not be better so, don't you think?'

'Very well in any way, Ma'am, so long as you don't alter your position.'

'I'm sure, Sir, you're very polite: but stay a moment; I think I might throw a little more grace into my attitude—so. A little more this way, I fancy, would tell better in a picture. Ah, no! I believe I was better before. Which way shall I look, Sir?'

'At that little point, Ma'am.'

'May I smile at it?'

'Certainly, Ma'am, if you choose; but then you must preserve the very same smile for at least fifty seconds.'

'Oh, I sometimes keep it up for a whole evening. I smile with great facility, I assure you; at the theatre, indeed, I do nothing else.'

'Now then, Ma'am; whenever you're ready'——

'I'm quite ready now, Sir.'

'Here goes, then.'

The apparatus is adjusted; but the operator, who keeps his eyes fixed

upon his watch, never perceives that his sitter is evolving a succession of bland smiles, in order to impart as amiable an expression as possible to her features.

The sitting over, the lady returns to her friends, saying, 'I think you'll find that my expression has been caught exactly.'

But just then the daguerreotypist appears, crying, 'A failure, Ma'am! a total failure! Will you be so good as to return to the sitting-room, in order that we may repeat the process?'

'A failure! that is very strange—quite unaccountable. The sun must be very capricious to-day, to say the least of it.'

And so she returns to the little tented chamber for another sitting; but, gathering not wisdom from experience, she again displays irresolution as to attitude, fickleness in fixing upon a smile. Now she assumes a saucy, pouting expression, with half-parted lips. The next moment brings a dissolving view of sentimental languor, immediately supplanted by a sad picture of settled melancholy. At last, however, she appears to have decided on a very elaborate combination of charms, and the operation is in progress, when the daguerreotypist, looking at her, perceives that she has been making new faces, and says, impatiently,

'Bless me, Ma'am! you have altered your expression completely! We shall never get on at this rate! It's certain to be a failure again!'

'Is it possible, Sir? How very unfortunate! I only elevated my left eye-brow the least bit in the world, to give a character of intellect which I am anxious should be preserved, and therefore took the liberty of adding.'

'Adding, Ma'am! there's no such thing as adding here, I assure you: no adders need apply!' and the daguerreotypist laughed with hideous jocularity. 'Yes,' continued he gloomily, as he closed the apparatus, 'a nice mess we have made of it again, I'll warrant.'

The lady returns to the ante-chamber, where they all wait with impatience for the verdict of the operator, who quickly appears, looking as black as one of his own pictures:

'Just as I expected, Ma'am, a total and complete failure! Could it be any thing else, indeed? If ladies *will* jerk themselves about; if ladies *will* purse up their lips and roll their eyes and flash their ivories,' roared he, with strong and breathless energy; 'how on earth can they expect to obtain their likenesses by a process to which perfect repose of feature is an indispensable condition! Here, Ma'am; look at it, and judge for yourself.'

The lady, with a puzzled expression, looks at the plate, upon which there appears to have been a strife of noses, each trying to blow the other out.

'There's something of my peculiar smile there, nevertheless,' said she, 'and there's something of my chin there, too, and a good deal of my nose.'

'Yes,' said M. Mouillé, 'but it all seems to me to be double—even triple. To be sure, there are people with double chins, but I don't think I ever saw any body with three noses,' added he, with a look of indecision.

'Well, Sir,' said the lady, addressing the daguerreotypist, 'since you say it's all my fault, pray let us have another trial; this time I promise to be as still as a marble statue.' And, as she really wishes to possess a good likeness, she now remains perfectly motionless, while the process is going on for the third time.

The sitting over, they are all more impatient than ever for the announcement, which is not long in coming, for, quick, and radiant with smiles, the daguerreotypist bursts in with:

'Perfectly successful, Ma'am! It's easy to see that you sat very well this time, for you have given out a perfect resemblance.'

'Oh, I'm so glad! Pray let me see it!'

'In a few minutes, Ma'am: will you have the kindness to wait for a very short time?'

But a 'very short time' appears a century to a lady waiting for a sight of her daguerreotype, more especially when she has been told that it has 'come out' remarkably well.

At length the much-longed-for plate is produced. Every body crowds to see it; and M. Mouillé, who gets the first peep at it, cries, 'My eye! what a likeness!'

So the pretty lady says too; in prettier language, however; but no sooner has the subject of the picture cast eyes upon it, than she utters a shriek of despair, and cries:

'Goodness gracious, Sir! what on earth is this meant for! Why, it's a failure, a complete failure; a much stupider failure than either of the others — a fright!'

'Pardon me, Ma'am, for taking the liberty of contradicting you; but I assure you that the likeness is the most perfect and striking one that the process is capable of producing.'

'Perfect and striking, Sir! if there's any thing perfect about it, it's a perfect fright, a perfect imposition! We must try it again, if you please.'

'Quite useless, Ma'am, I protest. No further pains or preparation could enable us to produce a better likeness of you than that.'

'It's a swindle, Sir! an imposition! a vile attempt at obtaining money under false pretences!' And the lady, whose naturally plain features are neither flattered by the photograph nor improved by her frame of mind, dashes to the ground the despised miniature, and bounces out of the room in a hurricane of wrath and muslin.

The next sitter is a gentleman suffering from *tic douloureux*, who continually twitches up the corners of his mouth, in a manner impracticable for the daguerreotype. Then comes another, who has a trick of lifting his eye-brows; and after him an old lady, whose head quivers like a calf's-foot jelly. And each and every one of these good people is quite indignant at the idea of a failure.

And if you observe closely the persons who depart with their portraits, you will perceive that, for the most part, they do not look pleased; the plain moral of which is, that the daguerreotype does not flatter, and it is hard to have to put up with the plain, wholesome, bitter, unadulterated Truth.



## A R U S T I C S A B B A T H - P I C T U R E .

Loud peals the bell,  
For the sexton pulls well  
The old tarred rope that for many a knell  
And many a bridal has swung:  
Young feet trip light,  
Old faces grow bright,  
And neighbor greets neighbor with fresh delight,  
At sound of its iron tongue.

The fields are bent  
With a full content,  
And the amber-cups hold a precious scent  
Of bread in the lusty stalk;  
And the bright black-berries hang over the wall,  
And the blue-bird echoes the yellow-bird's call;  
And the sun lies goldenly over all,  
As the happy peasants talk.

In groups they go  
Through the church-porch low,  
And fill up the benches above and below;  
While the sexton, loth, puts by  
His strut of pride  
And his badge of power,  
And his bell hangs dumb in its old gray tower,  
While he sits in the back seat, grim and sour,  
With the urchins in his eye.

As the holy prayer  
On the sacred air  
Steals up with a pathos real and rare,  
There are sly moves over-head;  
And the little red-frill  
Where the singers sit, will  
Like witch move when it should be still,  
Till the last 'amen' is said.

Now the parson old  
Lays a trembling hold  
On the dingy psalm-book clasped with gold,  
That has long out-lived its youth;  
And his voice rings clear,  
For the hymn is dear:  
Since his childhood the old man has sung it here,  
And the old man feels its truth.

'Tis a noble air:  
You have heard it where  
Death's terrible portals seemed light and fair,  
When the dying saint was given  
Some joyful glimpse  
Of the holy land;  
And it rings up loud from the rustic band:  
'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand:'  
How it makes one think of heaven!

Now has silence come!  
 Sounds the very hum  
 Of the bee like a distant muffled drum,  
 Or like ripples on the strand:  
 The good old pastor  
 Tells of CHRIST his MASTER;  
 And his eye beams soft as it glances round;  
 And his voice falls sweet, like the musical sound  
 Of rain on the thirsty land:

'See the cross and scourge!  
 Hear the sorrowful dirge!  
 How the wrathful Jews, like a wide sea, surge!  
 And their flashing spears thrust high:  
 Hear the MARY's sob! hear the wailing cry:  
 'Eli, lama sabachani!'  
 And oh! my flock, 'twas for you and I  
 That the blessed JESUS came to die.  
 See the sponge with its dripping gall;  
 Hear the taunting, mocking call:  
 'Thou wearest, O MIGHTY! a royal crown;'  
 Come down, O KING of the Jews, come down!  
 Oh! shrink, my flesh, at that thorny crown;  
 Oh! shrink, my heart, at His earnest plea:  
 'Have I not given *my life* for thee?'

'Oh! faint, my heart, at that death-white face;  
 Oh! hope, my soul, in His saving grace!  
 Be firm, my flesh; and oh, spirit, sing  
 Under the shadow of death's strong wing:  
 For the LORD hath taken away the sting,  
 And the grave's wild victory —  
 For thee — oh! — perishing for thee!

'We a strong Leader have —  
 Blessed be HE who gave!  
 Roll from thy faith the rock;  
 Look up, my little flock!  
 See where His valiant stand  
 On God's right hand:  
 Light floods His milk-white throne;  
 Ten thousand suns, far flung,  
 In one great phalanx hung,  
 Would pale before that lone  
 Bright star of Bethlehem,  
 Heaven's costliest diadem.  
 And this great King is *mine*,  
 Above all names divine:  
 JESUS, Thou art!  
 Melted each heart;  
 Tears ran down aged furrows then,  
 And wept young eyes, and wept strong men;  
 The giddy singers ceased their mirth,  
 And CHRIST seemed better far than earth:  
 Its bubbles bursting with a breath,  
 Its fervent hopes that die at death;  
 And the poor penitent, neglected,  
 Ragged and old, and want-infected,  
 Crouched in his corner, wildly praying:  
 'Lord! save the 'chief of sinners!'' laying

His bare gray head, whose golden flow  
 Once bathed a bosom white as snow,  
 In dust, as if 'twere agony  
 The very light of day to see.

With faltering tongue  
 Is the last hymn sung;  
 Grand old Dundee, on the stillness flung,  
 Seems purged of earthly leaven:  
 From the church-porch low  
 Now the neighbors go,  
 And their smiles are sweet, and their voices low,  
 As they softly talk of heaven.

M. A. D.

G E O R G E H E R B E R T .

BY JAMES W. WALL.

How few in our day have read the pious verses of GEORGE HERBERT, 'the sweet singer of the Temple,' as his biographer, old Walton, so loved to call him! Verses overflowing with the sensibilities of a heart consecrated to pious uses: all a-glow with love for humanity, and an ardent desire to bring it nearer to HIM who so freely gave himself for it.

Sweet George Herbert! Who that has ever read the rich out-pourings of your warm and pious spirit, but has felt how poor and cold in the comparison were the promptings of his own? Who that has ever pondered over your verse, radiant with the praises of that sanctuary in whose hallowed courts you so loved to tread, but has felt the full force of your own sweet words:

'A VERSE may find him who a sermon flies,  
 And turn delight into a sacrifice.'

George Herbert, the author of 'The Temple,' a collection of sacred poems, was of a most noble, generous, and ancient family. His brother was the famous Edward Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, who was himself a poet, but attained higher distinction as a statesman and historian, having filled, during the reign of James I., the responsible post of Privy-Councillor and Ambassador to France. It was while engaged in the duties of this embassy, that he composed his famous history of Henry the Eighth, so often quoted and referred to by the modern historian.

The subject of our sketch was born at Montgomery Castle, in Wales, about the year 1593. He was educated at Westminster-school, and being a king's scholar, was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, about the year 1608. He took both degrees in the arts, and became a Fellow of the college. In 1619 he was chosen orator for the university, which post he held eight years. This office he filled with great honor to himself and the university. And this was no wonder, for, to use the quaint language of his biographer, old Izaak Walton: 'He had acquired great learning, and was blessed with a high fancy, a civil and a sharp wit, with

a natural elegance both in his behavior, his tongue, and his pen.' When that royal pedant, King James, published his '*Basilicon Doreen*,' he sent a copy to the University of Cambridge. Herbert, in his capacity of orator, was called upon to acknowledge its receipt on behalf of the institution, which he did in a most elegant manner in a Latin letter. The excellence of its latinity, and the complimentary allusions plentifully sprinkled through it, so pleased the King, that he inquired of the Earl of Pembroke if he knew the learned scholar who penned the epistle. His answer was: 'That he knew him very well, and that he was his kinsman; but that he loved him more for his learning and virtue than that he was of his name and family.' At which answer the King smiled, and asked of the Earl leave that he might love him too, for he took him to be the jewel of that university.

This complimentary remark of the King coming to the ears of Herbert, no doubt first turned his thoughts toward court-preferment; for about this time we find him applying himself to the study of the Italian, French, and Spanish languages, in which he is said to have attained great proficiency; and by means of the attainment of which, to use his own language, 'he hoped to secure the place of Secretary of State, as Sir Francis Nethersole had done.' This, and the love of court-conversation, with the laudable ambition to be something more than he then was, drew him often from Cambridge to attend his Majesty King James. Shortly after this, the King visited Cambridge in state, and was received on behalf of the university by Herbert, in a most elegant oration in Latin, stuffed full, as the manner of the time then was, of the most fulsome adulation. In his progress he was attended by the great Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, and by the learned Dr. Andrews, Bishop of Winchester; and Herbert, by his learning and suavity, soon captivated these distinguished men. Bacon seems afterwards to have put such value upon his judgment, that he usually desired his approbation before he would expose any of his books to be printed; and thought him so worthy of his friendship, that having translated many of the Prophet David's psalms into English verse, he made George Herbert his patron by a public dedication of them to him as the 'best judge of divine poetry.' In 1620 the King gave Herbert a sinecure, formerly conferred upon Sir Philip Sydney by Queen Elizabeth, worth some twelve hundred pounds per annum.

His ambitious views of farther court-preferment seem never to have been realized. The character of his mind, perhaps, did not fit him for the responsible and complicated duties of a statesman, or he might have been deficient in those arts of the courtier so necessary and such ready aids to court-preferment. It may be that he had too independent a spirit, and could not 'crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift might follow fawning.'

But, be this as it may, we think that in the sentiment contained in some verses written by our poet, about the period of his leaving the court and entering the ministry, we have a readier solution for this sudden relinquishment of his hopes of court-preferment. These verses were written upon the famous saying of Cardinal Wolsey, uttered by that proud churchman when his spirit was crushed, and the fruits of his ambition had turned to ashes on his lips: 'Oh that I had served my God with

half the zeal with which I have served my King! He would not thus in my old age have placed me in the power of mine enemies.' No doubt the wholesome reflections inspired by the contemplation of these touching words, awakened the sensitive mind of our poet to a full appreciation of the vanity of all earthly ambition. He discovered in time that pleasures springing from honor and grandeur of condition are soon faded; that the mind nauseates, and soon begins to feel their emptiness. In the words of one of England's most gifted divines: 'Those who are so fond of public honor while they pursue it, how little do they taste it when they have it! Like lightning, it only flashes in the face; and it is well if it do not hurt the man.' Without farther speculating as to the reasons that induced our poet to fly from the court-circles into the quiet retreat of the pastor's life, most certain it is that, about the year 1629, we find him renouncing the pomps and vanities of earthly ambition, and entering into holy orders. Previous to his induction, we find him using the following language in a letter to a friend: 'I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what I then so ambitiously thirsted for. And now I can behold the court with an impartial eye, and see that it is made up of graced titles and flattery, and many other such empty painted pleasures—so empty as not to satisfy, where they are enjoyed: but in God and his service is a fullness of all joy and pleasure, but no satiety.'

Of the fervency of his piety we have a most beautiful exemplification in some of his poems published about this time, especially in that styled 'The Odor,' in which he seems to rejoice in the thought of the word *JESUS*, and conceives that the adding the words 'My MASTER' to it, 'perfumed the mind, and left an oriental fragrance in the very breath.' Alluding, in another poem, to his unforced choice to serve at God's altars, he says:

'I know the ways of learning, both the heads and pipes  
That feed the press, and make it run;  
What reason hath from nature borrowed,  
Or of itself, like housewife sheen:  
I know the ways of honor; what maintains  
The quick returns of courtesy and wit;  
The ways of favor, either party gains,  
And the best mode of oft retaining it:  
I know the ways of pleasure, the sweet strains,  
The lullings, and the relishes of it,  
The proposition of hot blood and brains;  
What mirth and music mean, what love and wit;  
Yet through these labyrinths, not my grovelling wit,  
But the silk twist let down from heaven to me,  
Did both conduct and teach me how by it to climb to THEE.'

In 1630 he was admitted to the priestly office, and immediately inducted into the rectory of Bemerton, near Salisbury: and here it was, stripping from him the gaudy trappings of a fashionable court, he clothed himself in the better and more enduring robes of humility and meekness. It was here, amid the quiet shades of his peaceful parish, he prepared for his own use, and that of his brethren, a brief manual entitled 'The Country Parson,' the rich gatherings of his own experience, and the exemplification of his own earnestness and ardor in the performance of the duties of the pastoral office. His sermons, delivered while at

Bemerton, are practical in doctrine, forcible in illustration, and make directly to the heart. And there is an eminent union of variety and faithfulness in his sermons; he never loses sight of the cross as the central light and power in which every thing lives and moves and has its being. They are just such sermons as we should suppose the author of 'The Country Parson' must have preached. They are, many of them, explanatory of the forms and services of the Church of England, urging their importance, and the necessity of their being truly understood.

He usually took his text from the Gospel of the day appointed to be read, and 'did explain why the Church did appoint that portion of Scripture to be that day read;' and he shortly made it appear to them (to use his own words) 'that the whole service of the Church was a reasonable, and therefore an acceptable sacrifice to God — as, namely, we begin with confession of ourselves to be vile and miserable sinners; and we begin so, because, until we have confessed ourselves to be such, we are not capable of that mercy which we so much need; but having in the prayer of our Lord begged pardon for those sins we have confessed, and hoping by our public confession and real repentance we have obtained that pardon, then we dare and do proceed to beg of the Lord 'to open our lips, that our mouth may show forth His praise;' for, till then, we are not able and worthy to praise Him.'

The fasts and holy-days of the Church, and the benefits to be derived from their observance, were most beautifully illustrated in Herbert's discourses; and we venture to say, that in the sermons of no clergyman of the Church of England, or the Episcopal Church of America, can there be found so practical and beautiful an exemplification of the excellency of the Episcopal Church service. The simple parishioners of Bemerton learned to love the service of their church under the preaching of their sainted pastor, because its practical usefulness, and its adaptation to their every spiritual want, reached the door of their hearts. The form they were taught was nothing, save the most fitting vehicle of their thoughts, and spiritual wants and aspirations. In this age, when the cold religion of formality is seen struggling for the mastery over that which is ardent and spiritual; when 'the outward and visible sign' seems to be more thought of than 'the inward and spiritual grace;' when the outward adornments of the sanctuary are held almost in as high value, and as necessary to salvation, as the inward adornment of the meek and quiet spirit, it is refreshing to read such sermons as those of Herbert. He was a formalist only so far as form could be made a means to an end; a means to bring man to a closer contemplation of the love and abounding mercies of God; a means through which he could be made to praise Him in holiness, beauty, and truth. The form he looked upon as the fitting vehicle, 'the silken twist,' to lead man's thoughts in fit expression up to the throne of God. The *summum bonum*, the all-in-all of religion, he still believed, and so most earnestly taught, to consist of the free-will offering of the penitent and pious spirit. This is not the theology of our age, we fear. It has little to do with the faith once delivered to the saints. In the mother-country, man's faith in God seems now made to depend on the fluctuating fortunes of religious parties, on the ingenuity of an advocate, or the decision of a judge. In England, it has been said



that a good Protestant may now-a-days go to bed in the odor of orthodoxy, and get up spotted with the darkest stains of heresy. Religion has lost its vitality. Its outward and visible sign, the cross, still glitters over its cathedrals and churches; but the essentials — faith, hope and charity — have gone, and in their place we have the faith of Christ fought for on the floor of the Court of Arches, instead of on the broad field of the human soul. Controversial diversity has taken the place of 'the great laws of life.'

In his essay 'On the Duties of the Country Parson,' he enjoins upon the pastor 'to be constant in every good work, setting such an example to his flock as they may be glad to follow; and, by so doing, profit thereby to their souls' good.'

And most diligently (if we are to believe the testimony of his contemporaries) did George Herbert conform himself to the character so beautifully sketched. In the functions of his humble office, he is said to have led a most pious and blameless life. The priests of the Levitical ministration put on the humerus, blazing with jewels, before they took the breast-plate of righteousness and truth; thereby signifying that the priest must be a shining light, resplendent with good works, before he fed them with righteousness and truth, the legitimate milk of the Word. And in the daily beauty of his blameless life; in the gentle, dove-like spirit that animated his every motive, his daily charities, and his devout ministrings at the altar, Herbert most beautifully illustrated the doctrines that he preached. His life was indeed a shining light, resplendent with good works; and the flock which he so faithfully tended, found through his guidance 'spiritual pastures beside the still waters.' Quaint old Jeremy Taylor, alluding to the necessity of the Christian pastor's exemplifying in his daily life the doctrines that he preaches most beautifully, remarks: 'Herod's doves could never have invited so many strangers to their dovecots, if they had not been besmeared with most fragrant ointment. As said Dydimus: Make your pigeons smell sweet, and they will allure whole flocks. And, Christian pastor, if your life be excellent, your virtues like precious ointment, full of fragrance, you will soon invite your charges to run after your precious odors.'

Such in all things was the subject of our sketch. His virtues were the precious ointment, full of fragrance, alluring the quiet flock his MASTER had given him to feed.

We have said more of Herbert in his pastoral character than we intended, though perhaps we have not dwelt upon it too long to give an illustration of the beautiful simplicity and pious ardor of the man.

It was in the quiet village of Bemerton that Herbert composed his little volume of poems, called 'The Temple,' of which it was said by a contemporary: 'There was in it the picture of a divine soul in every page, and the whole book was such a harmony of holy passions as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety.'

We do not claim for these songs any great poetic merit. They abound with faults peculiar to most of the minor poets of that age. The versification is often rough and inharmonious, the words ill-chosen for the rhyme, while far-fetched conceits are most plentifully sprinkled through them. These, however, are faults peculiar to the versification of the time

in which our poet flourished. The great merit of these songs, most undoubtedly, consists mainly in the pious ardor and genuine devotional feeling that characterize them. The reader is attracted at once by the deep tone of earnest piety they manifest. There seems to be a constant effort in the poet's mind to give utterance to his devotional feelings in words of earnestness and power; such words as shall not dishonor the high and noble theme he had chosen for his subject. It can readily be discovered that they give utterance to the language of his heart, and that the influence of that heart's holiest affections was the happiest inspiration of his verse. If there is any truth in those sweet lines of Cowper:

‘The poet’s lyre, to fix his fame,  
Should be the poet’s heart:  
Affection lights a brighter flame  
Than ever blazed by art;’

then good George Herbert has made sure his claim to remembrance, and left behind him something which posterity will not willingly let die.

Wherever deep and holy love for sacred things is esteemed, there the verses of George Herbert will find many ardent admirers. They are the pure and free-will offerings of a heart consecrated to pious uses, and attuned to sacred harmonies; the soft breathings of a devotional spirit, that seem too pure for earth.

When he sings of the church where he so loved to worship, it is with all the earnest enthusiasm, if not with the inspiration, of that noble song of Solomon's, commencing,

‘Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair. Thou hast doves’ eyes within thy locks; thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead. Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely. Thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate within thy locks. Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot within thee.’

And Herbert loved the church because it was the fold where he could gather the flock that had been given him to tend. The church on earth was to him an emblem of the spiritual church ‘eternal in the heavens.’ His gentle spirit seems radiant with love whenever he sings of its quiet retreats, and the rich solemnities of its glorious worship.

The poems styled ‘The Temple’ are preceded by a long poem as a preface, called ‘The Church Porch,’ where he would have the reader linger before entering the sanctuary. Here the poet takes occasion to give sage counsel and most excellent advice, the better to fit the mind for the contemplation of the sacredness of the sanctuary beyond. He would purify the spirit from the dross of earthly vices; he would have it purged of the contaminations of earth, before entering the temple where the Divine Presence loved to dwell.

And no one can read the advice embodied in this introductory poem, but must rise from the perusal with the conviction that it contains a most admirable code of morality, enforced by the wisest precepts. Independent of its religious tone, it may be said to contain the choicest principles, enforced by illustrations that carry conviction to the mind at once. In the rude measure of the time, it holds up virtue in all its beauty to our approbation, and lays bare the hideousness of vice.

Is lust within, polluting, corrupting, and withering the soul, his warning is :

‘BEWARE of lust! it doth pollute the soul  
Whom God in baptism washed with His own blood:  
It blots the lesson written in thy soul;  
The holy words cannot be understood.  
How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,  
Much less toward God, whose lust is all their book?’

Profanity he rebukes in lines like these :

‘TAKE not His name who made thy mouth, in vain;  
It gets thee nothing, and has no excuse.  
Lust and wine plead a pleasure; avarice, gain;  
But the cheap swearer, through his open sluice,  
Lets his soul run to naught.’

Remembering in whose sight ‘lying lips are an abomination,’ and the sacredness of whose sanctuary is polluted by falsehood, he breaks forth with indignant tone :

‘LIE not, but let thy heart be true to God,  
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both.  
Cowards tell lies, and those who fear the rod;  
The stormy working soul spits lies and froth.  
Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie:  
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.’

Extravagance, the fruitful mother of debt, penury, and want, which has desolated as many homes, withered as many hearts, and destroyed as many lives as the sword, he thus rebukes :

‘NEVER exceed thy income: youth may make  
Even with the year; but age, if it will hit,  
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake  
As the day lessens, and his life with it.  
Thy children, kindred, friends, upon thee call,  
Before thy journey fairly part with all.’

The dangers that wait on suretyship, and the madness of yielding to its pressing importunities, are thus boldly delineated :

‘YET be not surety. If thou be a father,  
Love is a personal debt. I cannot give  
My children’s right, nor ought he take it; rather  
Both friends should die, than hinder them to live.  
Fathers first enter bonds to nature’s ends,  
And are her sureties ere they are friends.’

The spirit in which we should enter the hallowed courts of the sanctuary is set forth thus :

‘WHEN once thy foot enters the church, believe  
God is more there than thou; for thou art there  
Only by His permission. Then beware,  
And make thyself all reverence and fear.  
Kneeling ne’er spoiled silk stockings — quit thy state:  
All equal are within the church’s gate.’

Space will not permit us to make farther extracts from the *Porch*. Enough has been given to show its tone and character. The poems called ‘The Temple,’ thus introduced, are a series of devotional songs upon sacred subjects, overflowing with ardent feeling, and manifesting the existence of a piety as fervent as it is rare. In his verses on Prayer, we have an apt illustration of our author’s style and devotional ardor :

'PRAYER, the church's banquet, angels' age,  
 God's breath in man returning to his birth,  
 The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,  
 The Christian's plummet, sounding heaven and earth.'

The quiet stillness of the Sabbath morn, and the blessings that accompany it, invoke such lines as these:

'O DAY most calm, most bright!  
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud;  
 The endorsement of supreme delight,  
 Writ by a Friend, and with his blood;  
 The couch of time; care's balm and bay;  
 The week were dark, but for thy light;  
 Thy torch doth show the way.

'Sundays the pillars are  
 On which heaven's palace arched lies;  
 The other days fill up the spare  
 And hollow rooms with vanities:  
 They are the fruitful beds and borders  
 In God's rich garden: that is base  
 Which parts their ranks and orders.

'The Sundays of man's life,  
 Threaded together on time's string,  
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife  
 Of the eternal, glorious KING.  
 On Sundays, heaven's door stands ope;  
 Blessings are plentiful and rife,  
 More plentiful than hope.'

In his verses styled the 'Odor,' we have an exemplification of the poet's love for his Divine MASTER, expressed with that fervency which betokens the sincerity of his adoration:

'How sweetly doth My MASTER sound — My MASTER!  
 As ambergris leaves a rich scent  
 Unto the taster,  
 So do these words a sweet content,  
 An oriental fragrance — My MASTER!'

The little poem entitled 'JESU,' although it has neither the merit of smoothness nor any poetical beauty, is strongly illustrative of the purely saint-like piety of the author. Dr. Sanderson was enraptured with this little production, and used to style it 'a gem of rare conceit.' We see nothing in it to warrant the praise. It certainly has no other merit than the fervor it manifests, and the conceit embodied in it is rude and far-fetched:

J E S U :

'JESU is in my heart; His sacred name  
 Is deeply carved there: but the other week  
 A great affliction broke the little frame  
 Even all to pieces, which I went to seek;  
 And first I found the corner, where was 'I';  
 After where, 'es,' and next where 'u' was graved.  
 When I had got these parcels, instantly  
 I set me down to spell them, and perceived  
 That to my broken heart he was — 'I ease you,'  
 And to my whole is 'JESU.'

Space will not permit us to make farther extracts. Those that we have given illustrate the pious ardor of the subject of our sketch, while at the same time they give evidence of some claim to take position with the minor poets of his day. His prose compositions undoubtedly possess

more merit than his poetical, and clearly entitle him to rank with the best of his contemporaries. The beautiful simplicity of the character of our poet has never been surpassed in any age. His disposition was of a most sweet and engaging nature, adorned with all the graces of a most saint-like piety. 'He lived like a saint,' says his enthusiastic biographer, old Walton, 'and like a saint did he die.' The Sunday before his death, raising himself from his bed, he called for his instrument, and, having tuned it, played and sang that verse from his poems, commencing:

'THE Sundays of man's life,  
Threaded together on time's string.'

Like the dying swan :

'As death darkened his eye and unplumed his wings,  
His sweetest song is the last he sings.'

*Burlington, N. J., June 27.*

#### C H R I S T M A S - C O U R T I N G .

GEM-ENCUSTED gleams the forest,  
With ice-diamonds laden low,  
And beneath the traveller's foot-step  
Crisp is crushed the frozen snow;  
Springing from the elm's dark columns,  
Netted o'er the wintry way,  
Hangs a lace of fairy frost-work,  
Fretted o'er with frozen spray.

Dancing leaps the flickering flame-light  
Fitful measures on the hearth;  
Fervid glows its fiery centre,  
Crackling with a quiet mirth;  
Gloomy at the pleasant fire-side,  
Haunted by corroding care,  
Stand I, bidding back the phantoms  
Which come, pointing to despair.

Right before me sits a maiden  
With a sweet and earnest face,  
In whose eyes' dark depths are written,  
Bright revealings that I trace;  
For their purity with reverence,  
For their genius-birth with pride,  
For their tenderness with fondness,  
Gazing — worshipping — I sighed.

Slight her fairy form, and perfect  
In its rich and classic mould,  
As the Grecian statuary  
Won to life from marble cold.  
'Oh!' I murmured, 'could I move her,  
Fill her heart with love's soft glow,  
Sculptor! thou wouldst fall below me —  
She is colder than the snow.

Roaring in a solemn cadence  
Peal the brazen-throated bells,  
And the sleighs' mad merry chorus  
Christmas' joyous anthem swells;  
Bursts upon mine ear its music:  
Ah! how much I longed to tell  
How far sweeter than the crystal  
Christmas-chime her accents fell!

Before that hallowed hour never  
Had the maiden known my thought;  
Deemed she that I worshipped power  
More than erring mortal ought,  
And, nobler than ALADDIN, sought  
For *glory* from my lantern's slave;  
But she ne'er had known the true heart  
That to her long since I gave.

Dancing leaps the flickering flame-light  
Mockingly from blaze and coal;  
But no glow my cheek illumines;  
Pallid passion sweeps my soul,  
Smiling voiceless, words unuttered,  
On the hearth-stone of my heart,  
As the lightning's seathing passage  
Desolates each vital part.

She learned me not in that one word  
My faltering tongue could speak,  
But in the flashing of mine eye,  
And the paleness of my cheek:  
With one quick glance she read my heart,  
That it throbbed for her alone;  
While her heaving bosom told me  
Of the love till then unknown.

Another Christmas-day the pomp  
Of its Arctic splendor showers:  
Its snowy wreath is not so bright  
As the wreath of orange flowers;  
Nor do Christmas bells so sweetly  
Ring their merry matin chime,  
As she, prattling blithe and joyously  
Of that other Christmas-time.

I'm a pilgrim, who has gathered,  
In life's journey sad and dim,  
The fairest rose that ever blossomed  
From its lovely parent-stem.  
I have placed it in my bosom,  
To wear it there for aye,  
Guarding me from every danger,  
Brightest sun shine of my day.



## THACKERAY'S WOMEN.

THE secret of Thackeray's failure in the delineation of female character is embodied in the following sentences, from one of 'Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town': 'A set has been made against clever women from all time. Take all Shakspeare's heroines: they all seem to me pretty much the same — affectionate, motherly, tender — that sort of thing. Take Scott's ladies, and other writers; each man seems to draw from one model. An exquisite slave is what we want; for the most part an humble, flattering, smiling, child-loving, tea-making, piano-forte-playing being; who laughs at our jokes, however old they may be; coaxes and wheedles us in our humors, and 'fondly lies to us through life.'

Now, in the spirit and strain of the above sentences one might only see the vein of sarcastic raillery intended to characterize these burlesque letters to a young kinsman; but take them in connection with Thackeray's writings, and you will perceive that they are the real spirit, the actual embodiment, of his positive and veracious views of women, their sphere, condition, and duties. These ideas and opinions regarding women are what he has been regularly trained and bred up to in his heart of hearts. There is a sentiment of real devotion to and chivalrous admiration of woman as she ought to be, and oftentimes is, notwithstanding these conventionalities, that every true man *must* feel, and to which Thackeray can, upon occasion, give utterance in dulcet tones and beautifully-rounded periods; but he has been so trained and reared amid women of this tame order, this low stamp, and tutored by men holding these lowering views of women, that he cannot bring his imagination to the point of conceiving, or his pen of delineating, a fine and elevated woman — a clever one, as he terms her — though his *man*-heart does justice to her claims. In his novels, he has portrayed, with his caustic powers, feminine personages, neither flesh-and-blood women — for they have not a redeeming trait of humanity, nor a touch of nature — nor demons; heartless, soulless figures, that glitter and amaze us, thrust into animation and seeming action by his fine strokes of satire, brilliant and sarcastic thrusts and dashes at errors and frailties, that have not even power to fill us with horror or disgust as a really bad woman would. What is Becky Sharp? Is she a living, breathing woman? Rather a concentration of all the vices, follies, and degrading efforts of an age, draped about a senseless block, as they show off the fashions on a wooden shape in a shop. And yet his attempted portrayal of the good and lovely ones, the heroines of his books, is a faithful carrying out and depicting of the sentiments above quoted. So insipid and tame are they in their 'humble, smiling, flattering, child-loving, tea-making' excellence, as to be dull enough in the mere perusal, not only to excuse a lover like George (if he had not been so insipid himself) for lighting his cigars with her *billet-doux*, but also to make every girl who fain would become a heroine, almost rush into Becky Sharp-ishness, or any other kind of sprite-like mischief, rather than be one of those same good, sweet, gentle Amelias, even with the prospect of such an undying, never-failing attachment as that of a

Major Sugarplums. Men must *still* nature's impulses, urging their admiration of the *real* woman, in obedience to the received and accredited spirit, laws, and opinions of society and the age; and if authors *write down* to the level that has compelled Thackeray, in spite of his better nature, to make his heroines the heartless, insipid beings they are, yet it is the adoption and carrying out of such views and principles in regard to women by men, whom they are born to serve, to please, to love, and to endeavor to delight, that makes so many of them seemingly what they are, 'humble, flattering, tea-making, piano-playing deceivers;' and more talent, more time, art, ingenuity, and patience are necessary to pervert nature's master-pieces of love and tenderness into this senseless, silly, deceptive mother and slave, than, with open manliness, enlightened views, and a free and generous insight into her capacities and position, man — her brother-probationist, ere he becomes her lord — might have expended to form an open, upright, candid, truth-loving, fervent, devoted woman, wife, friend; forbearing to faults, tender to frailties, forgiving to errors; devoted with keener, and livelier, and humbler, because more expansive, love to his welfare, his honor, and his interest.

Oh! cannot men see and feel wherein this error lies, and conquer it, for the sake of their own hearts, homes, and of their unborn sons? When standing together on the home-hearth in the holy twilight's deepening gloom, drawing nearer to each other tenderly as the night-shades deepen and the day declines, ere the candle-light flares on them, would it lessen the softness, derogate from the sweetness and gentleness of this hour of love, if each — that young husband, that up-looking, confiding wife — had, in that shadowy hour — unseen, except to the answering heart that consciously knew it — a brow clear, unclouded, serene with truth, earnest truth, loving truth, human truth, stamped on it, so that in after-coming years neither might quail or blanch beneath the down-cast, averted glance of the other, for the breach of any of the commandments, lesser or greater, sacred to both?

But to return to Thackeray's sentiments on this subject. He may unchallenged assert that Scott's *ladies* are many of them as he describes and believes; for it was the error, the want, in Scott's brilliant depictings of life's pageantries, that these low views of women scarcely ever allowed him to do justice to himself or to his heroines, the actual love-heroines of his novels. Those who, at the conclusion of his tales, are led to the altar, and, in the true Prince-and-Cinderella style, are united to the heroes in all due form, in the holy bands of matrimony, are rarely, in any of his works, the women of heart, soul, character, and, withal, true womanliness, who, as a delineator of human nature, under a necessity to make his book interesting, he was forced to describe as they are, and around whom entwine every interest and warm affection of the reader. Yet, as a man reared and tutored by custom and the force of received opinions he dared not brave, with the usual clap-trap necessary for stage-effect, after rousing our sympathies for, entwining our minds by, and enchaining our hearts to one of those noble exhibitions of woman as she might, ought to be, and oftentimes is, he leads us gradually down from the height of this well-placed admiration and noble aspiration, causing glowing feelings, by slowly-winding descent to the worldly termination of necessity — for

the hero to marry the tame piece of smiling propriety, capable of becoming all that Thackeray describes, and who has for this purpose, through these pages, in a shadowy, impalpable manner, only made us aware of another presence beside the real woman, to be ready at the close for the approved and expected consummation.

Who — what *man* even — has not felt indignant that, despite the strong prejudices of the age against her name and nation, and the prestige of Rowena's royal Saxon descent, the noble, queenly Rebecca should be calmly put aside for the fair-haired Saxon lady — Flora MacIvor for Rose Bradwardine? Even little Fenella seems wronged, and oh! how many others! Die Vernon alone, of all his lady-heroines, acts out her part, and shines throughout the book, from first to last, the sole, sole charm; and why? Because, forsooth, her fine abilities are permitted to be more than half obscured by her physical powers and abilities, horsemanship, etc. Jeanie Deans, of course, is below the mark. Scott could allow that a true woman, in her grade of life, might be as clever as she could; but even here the wilful, wayward, spoiled beauty is the love-heroine. Though Scott's manly and chivalric heart allows the existence of the most beautiful and glowing specimens of woman, and though his imagination and pencil depict such, yet his worldly self, the educated man and calculating Scotsman, withdraws prudently from all such the crowning point of woman's glory — love, and the devotion of the heart, leading to marriage. And why? Because they were not capable of carrying out into daily life and practice, with firm and gentle devotion, their duty as women? No; but because men have for ages allowed themselves so low a standard of moral excellence, that even in those instances of rare intellectual endowments they dare not put themselves on a level in daily contact with a clear-sighted woman of pure and elevated views.

It is not that men are so mean or narrow in their range of vision, or do not acknowledge the beauty of high excellence, that they will not allow a rival near the throne of mental supremacy. Nature has so distinctly marked their supremacy in points essential for duty in their different spheres, that few men, even of limited capacity, but must be conscious of a difference of powers. Allowing their superiority in many respects over women of fine intellects, they never can interfere with each other, their powers and the needs for their exercise are so diverse. The whole error exists and has arisen from defective moral training in men for untold ages; lowering the standard of excellence at which they are to aim, and lessening their responsibility, and the force of moral perceptions of right. Here lies the evil. Let but a Decalogue be acknowledged for men as well as women; let but both sexes be trained to clear and earnest views of right, truth, and duty, and there need be no clashing or collision of interests, or jealous claims for superiority. Men will have manliness enough to see, to feel, to admire, to allow and acknowledge the beauty, purity, refining and beneficial influence of clear, high-minded, right-principled women; will know that bread and puddings can be as well concocted, and buttons and braids as neatly put on, by a woman of such qualifications, as by one who has striven earnestly to be a wheedling, fondling, lying one through life; and woman will look up with delighted reverence and proper homage to her lord, her governor,

her king, in the broad place of rightful head and superior, where God and nature placed him. It is the false basis upon which each is placed by the accumulated defective training of ages, that renders it necessary for men to ignore, despise, and condemn — or endeavor to do so — all intellectual women; and necessary for intellectual women to hide their light under a bushel, more than half afraid or ashamed to show it, and consequently, as Thackeray says, 'fondly lie' through life.

But Shakspeare — Shakspeare to be put in the same category with writers who are not beyond or above their age! — Shakspeare! he who wrote for the whole world, for all ages — of all men, for *him* to be accused of having drawn 'affectionate, motherly, that sort-of-things women!' Shakspeare! we do indeed view all things through the coloring of the glasses that necessity, education, or habit induce us to wear. Shakspeare! what play of his is there in which the women — the *clever*, really *clever*, brilliant, noble, gifted, talented women, right women — are not the main spring of the plot; the more than half essential charm of the whole, which removed, the play would seem stale, flat, and unprofitable? Change them, and try the effect. Replace Portia, in the 'Merchant of Venice,' by one of those tame, motherly, deceiving dames, and where is the play — the interest, power, force? Even Nerissa and Jessica — remove them and insert in their places insipid Amelias, and see the effect, and how every other character would fail in interest!

Where can a specimen of more noble womanhood, in the whole range of literature, be shown than Portia, with her wit, her brilliant sallies, her intellectual riches, her clear, cool judgment, keen perception? And did Shakspeare allow the possession of these qualities to lessen her attractiveness as a woman; her gentle, fervent, earnest, tender devotion and submission to her bosom's lord, to whom she gave herself so freely and so beautifully? No! but Bassanio was a man worthy to be loved by such a woman as Portia; and therefore he gloried in her glory. He feared not her rivalry; he knew still that, as in every true woman's heart and character, the brightest light, the clearest radiance, was that derived from him who was to love and cherish her — her husband; and that the beams of his excellence and glory must, as the sun's rays do, illuminate and display, in softened splendor, the mountains, hills, vales, and waters of the moon, which, without the possession of these inherent qualities, would not by half so well reflect it from arid moor or desert sand. Look through the whole range of his plays: is one woman made capable of interesting our sympathies or winning our admiration, in whatever circumstances placed, without the charms of intellect and cultivated mental faculties? Where is Isabella, in her holy beauty and her far-searching glance of fearless rectitude? Rosalind, with her powers of wit and winning brightness? Beatrice, even, in her sparkling, diamond-jewelled robe of raillery and talent, shows through its folds and brilliancy fresh-glowing gleams of real woman's heart as well as will.

And thus will it ever be: a *clever* woman beneath the protecting ægis of a noble man, if not seemingly so brilliant as herself, yet feels that the *power* is there, the strength; and beneath the over-shadowing ægis of his beaming, fostering love, such a woman will live and breathe only

gently to bless, soften, and purify; and man — yes, *men*, the world — will yet see these enshrouding mists of pollution vanish away, and prove that the error is not in women, or in their being ‘clever women,’ but in men being trained to false views of life, duty, and self.

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L I N E S

T O O N E W H O W I L L U N D E R S T A N D T H E M .

THE silver tongue strikes one,  
And softly hums the smitten bell,  
As 't were a bee within a flower,  
A hidden brook within a dell.

And like a snowy sail that's bound  
For pleasant isles beyond the sea,  
My brain drops down the tide of dreams,  
Freighted with golden thoughts of thee.

The rustling of an airy wing,  
The touch of hand I cannot see,  
By these sweet tokens think I still  
Thy spirit hovers over me.

'My eyes make pictures when they're shut;'  
I see a landscape broad and green,  
With hills that in the sun-set glow,  
And waving groves and dells between.

I see the cot where I would live;  
It stands within a leafy nook  
That's haunted by the wild-bird's song,  
The ripple of a babbling brook.

It hath a quaint and ancient air;  
The lichen hangs upon the eaves,  
And up the walls the ivy creeps,  
With all its wealth of shady leaves.

And there the yellow-girdled bee  
Goes humming gaily to her toil;  
It is a blessed realm of peace,  
Far from earth's discord and turmoil.

Beside the open window sits,  
Half hidden by the trailing vine,  
The guardian-angel of that home;  
And oh, that face! those saint-like eyes are thine!

Erie, Pa.

G. V. MAXHAM.

## JOURNEYS IN SPAIN.

## NUMBER FOUR

MEETING with some American friends at Aranjuez, I proposed to them to hire a private conveyance to Granada, which would enable us to stop at our pleasure, and to see more of the country and people than if we took the diligence, which travels night and day. I therefore consulted with mine host, who thought the thing practicable; and we sallied forth in search of a vehiculum. After inspecting several curious, antiquated four-wheeled machines, we fixed upon one which we thought would prove most convenient for our journey, and forthwith struck a bargain with the owner.

The next morning at day-light, our coach, drawn by three stout mules, driven by a gayly-dressed *cochero*, appeared before the hotel-door; and fortified with a good breakfast, we set forward upon our journey.

We were now about to enter La Mancha, the scene of the exploits of the famous Don Quixote and his honest, faithful Sancho Panza. This province, like the Castiles, forms a part of the great central plateau of Spain. The eye of the traveller roams over a vast expanse of treeless, mountainous steppes, scorched up by the summer's heat, and exposed to all the fury of the cutting wintry blasts. The towns are few, and without interest; and the wretched villages are inhabited by a poorly-clad and half-starved-looking race of laborers.

Passing through a rocky gorge of volcanic hills, we soon reached Ocaña, an uninteresting town, containing a population of about five thousand persons. Continuing our way, we also passed Madridejos, a town of about seven thousand inhabitants, and in the evening arrived at Puerto Lapiche, a small, dirty-looking place, where we spent a most uncomfortable night in a shocking *posada*.

The next morning, at day-light, we continued our route, and the country, if any thing, appeared to grow more uninteresting, and the inhabitants more poverty-stricken. About mid-day we arrived at the *Venta de Quisada*, which the Don mistook for a castle, and where he performed his vigil-of-arms, and was knighted by the inn-keeper. This is a miserable one-story mud or *adobe* hut, used at present as a barrack for the civil guard stationed on this part of the highway.

The house is perhaps little changed since the day it was sketched by Cervantes. The well is still there where he makes the old knight perform his vigil-of-arms; and it is doubtless the original one, for it presents the appearance of great antiquity.

In the evening we arrived at Valdepeñas, a town of about ten thousand inhabitants, where we were fortunate enough to find a very comfortable inn.

I have before remarked the want of fire-places in Spanish houses, and after a very short experience, I found out that the kitchen was a most capital place to warm one's self after a long ride, and to smoke a cigar



after supper. Indeed, in the small towns, the kitchen is quite a fashionable place of resort, where I have picked up much useful information, and made many agreeable and valuable acquaintances. In this very place, I had hardly seated myself on the cosy stone bench in the chimney-corner, before a young gentleman in white vest and white gloves, who was sipping a cup of chocolate, fell into conversation with me, and finding me to be a stranger, invited me to a society-ball to be given that evening, and of which he was one of the managers. I accepted his invitation with much pleasure, and passed a most agreeable evening among the *élite* of Valdepeñas. So much for an acquaintance made in the kitchen.

Valdepeñas is celebrated for its wine, which is said to be the product of the Burgundy vine, transplanted into Spain. It is a red wine, of a rich fruity flavor, and when drunk on the spot, is most delicious; but when transported, it is put into pig-skins, which impart to it a disagreeable taste.

The reader will remember that it was with pig-skins filled with this ruddy wine that the Knight of La Mancha created such havoc, to the sorrow of the inn-keeper.

Mine host was a vine-grower, and had a *bodega* or wine-cellar in his establishment, which he invited me to visit. The wine was contained in immense *tinajas*, or earthen-ware jars, about seven feet in height, and of a goodly rotundity. A boy placed a ladder against one of these, and ascended to the top with a tumbler, which he filled with the sparkling liquor, and handed to me. It was delicious, and I drank nearly the whole of it. He went on a little farther, and ascended another jar, where he filled and handed me the glass, of which I likewise partook. The operation was repeated the third time; and as I saw no end to the different vintages the old gentleman wished me to taste, my politeness could hold out no longer, and I was obliged to decline taking any more, at the risk of offending him.

From Valdepeñas we proceeded to La Carolina, passing through the small town of Santa Cruz, and leaving dreary La Mancha through its natural gate-way, *Despeña perros*. Passing through this narrow mountain-gorge, we were welcomed into fair Andalusia by one of the most gorgeous sun-sets I have ever witnessed. The whole west was of that glorious gold-and-crimson hue, deepened towards the horizon, which is only seen in these southern latitudes. We had now arrived on the threshold of tropical vegetation. We leave the barren, treeless steppes of La Mancha for those blooming valleys where the olive and the graceful palm beautify the landscape.

This is the province of song and of the dance; of the *sequidilla*, the *bolero*, and the *fandango*; and the hot-bed of the smuggler, the bull-fighter, and the bandit. The inhabitants are gay, social, and without formality — the very opposites of those grave, dignified Dons of Castile and La Mancha.

At Carolina, a neat-looking town of three thousand inhabitants, we found a good inn, where we remained all night. After a tolerable supper, our land-lady sent out for a couple of her neighbors, very pretty dark-eyed *Señoritas*, who gave us a specimen of Andalusian dancing, to the music of a guitar, struck by no less a personage than our *cochero*. They per-

formed the fandango, the seguidilla, and the bolero, with a grace and an abandon which I have seldom seen equalled on the stages of London or Paris. These were the originals, the others only the copies.

Leaving Carolina, we traversed a hilly country, passing through a few small villages and the miserable-looking town of Bailen. Just beyond this place we stopped at a small road-side inn, to rest and feed our animals. Here we found assembled several engineers, engaged in superintending repairs upon the road, one of whom was endeavoring to strike a bargain with another for a gun. The one who wished to purchase asked permission to test the piece, and it was forthwith loaded, and a mark put up at some thirty yards distant. The gun was fired at the mark, but unfortunately more of the contents issued through the touch-hole than through the end of the barrel; the nipple was carried away, which grazed the individual's head, and passed through the rim of his hat. It was a most wonderful escape; and the engineer attributed it to a miracle, and immediately went into the inn to search the calendar for the saint on whose day it had taken place, promising all manner of offerings to him. It never entered into this man's head to thank God for his escape; he could go no farther than the saint of the day, who was so obscure that he did not even know his name.

Continuing our way, toward evening we perceived Jaen in the distance, lying under its castle-mounted hill, and in about an hour after, we entered the gates of this venerable old town. Our *cochero* took us to the inn of El Santo Rostro, when we told him to take us to the Café Nuevo. We did not perceive our error until we had alighted; when one of our party became very much incensed, and took the *cochero* to task for bringing us to the wrong place. The land-lady in the meantime had come out to the door, but upon finding the state of the case, immediately retired. Our *cochero* got very sulky under the scolding; said 'he did not know where the Café Nuevo was, and that the Santo Rostro was the best *posada* in the town.'

And this was all true enough; for we found out, on inquiry, that the Café Nuevo had been out of existence for several years. But, unfortunately, we had so much affronted the land-lady of the Santo Rostro, that she refused to take us into her house. This was terrible news, after our long fast and hard day's ride. But what was to be done? Our spokesman, after the ill-humor he had at first manifested, could say nothing to mollify the enraged dame, and there appeared nothing left for us but to sleep out all night in our coach. As a last resort, I thought I would attack the old lady in a different way; for I had often heard it said, that in Andalusia it is necessary to go into an inn with your hat in your hand: therefore, stepping up to her, I made a polite bow, and said there must be some misunderstanding in the matter; that we were strangers, and that we were not well acquainted with the language; and that it was doubtless owing to this that my friend and the *cochero* had differed as regards the house we were to stop at. I begged she would not take any offence at what had passed, for none was intended; and, making a low bow, I turned to enter the carriage. This *coup de grace* was successful. She invited us all to get out, gave us the most comfortable rooms in the house, and treated us with the utmost attention during our stay.

As the Santo Rostro is the type of an Andalusian inn, it may not be uninteresting for those who contemplate a visit to Spain, to give a slight sketch of it. A large arched door-way, which served alike for man and beast, gave entrance to the interior of the house. On one side of this was the stable, and on the other the kitchen, without any partition between them. Opposite the great entrance was the stair-case leading to the upper part of the building, devoted to the lodging of the better class of travellers.

The rooms were small, and without mat or carpet to cover the rough tile-floor; and the furniture consisted of a cot, whereon was a very hard bed, and two chairs, upon one of which there was a very small basin and pitcher. This want of the appliances of the toilet is noticed throughout Spain, but especially in Andalusia, where there appears to be a holy horror against ablution. Among the Moors, cleanliness is a part of their religion; and the Spaniards, in avoiding all the abominations of that hated race, have rushed on the other extreme in this particular.

Having arrived after a long fast, as soon as we had inspected our apartments, I descended to the kitchen to forage for supper; for in a Spanish inn no smiling land-lord comes to inquire into your wants. Every one is indifferent to your coming and your going, and whatever you get appears to be granted as a favor. Around the fire were seated a half dozen muleteers, whose dark features, lighted up by a few smouldering embers upon the hearth, gave them the appearance of so many cut-throats. But, with that innate politeness of the Spaniard toward a stranger, they all rose and offered me the best place in the chimney-corner.

On inquiring into the state of the larder, our hostess informed me there were partridges; and these the traveller will find a standing dish throughout Spain. Now a partridge is a very good bird when properly cooked, but when stewed in one of those small round earthen-ware pots called a *puchero*, with garlic and rancid oil, it is most execrable.

'Is there any thing else, *Senora*?' said I.

'Yes, your worship, there are eggs, out of which I will make you a nice omelet.'

'*Bueno*! I will take the omelet; and if you will be so good as to give us some bread and grapes, we will be much obliged to you.'

Preparations were forthwith begun for the omelet. A huge frying-pan was taken down from the wall and placed over the fire, into which was put a large piece of dirty-looking lard; by the time the grease had become boiling-hot, the eggs were prepared and poured into the pan. One side of the omelet being done, the pan was lifted from the fire, when immediately every one rose and retreated, as if they had received an electric shock.

The cause of this sudden movement was soon made evident. In order to turn this immense omelet on the other side, the hostess gave a flirt to the pan, which caused the mass to turn a somerset in the air and fall again into the scalding fat, which it spattered about in all directions. One unlucky wight received some of the burning liquid in his face, much to the amusement of the rest of the party, and apparently to the great gratification of the land-lady, whose sour-looking countenance relaxed for

a moment into a smile. After our meagre supper at the Santo Rostro—which was nevertheless much enjoyed, for it was well seasoned with the sauce of hunger—we retired for the night; and although our beds were on a par with the other accommodations, this did not prevent us from enjoying sweet repose.

Jaen is an old Moorish town, containing about seventeen thousand inhabitants. Its situation is extremely picturesque, standing like a sentinel at the entrance of the mountain-gorge which leads to Granada. It has a pretty alameda, and a handsome cathedral, which was built in 1525. That great relic, the *Santo Rostro*, the Holy Face of our SAVIOUR impressed upon the handkerchief of Santa Veronica, when she wiped the perspiration from His brow, is contained in the cathedral, and shown publicly on stated occasions. I endeavored to get the sacristan to show it to me, but he said it was impossible without an order from the bishop.

After leaving Jaen, our next day's journey brought us to Campillo de Arenas, the road passing through a beautiful valley, where the hedge was of gigantic aloes, and the graceful palm-tree added a charm to the novel and picturesque landscape. Continuing our journey, the valley widened as we advanced; the Sierra Nevada with its crest of eternal snow rose before us; and as the last rays of the setting sun gilded the beautiful scene, fair Granada appeared in view. Seated at the base of several hills, with the beautiful rega, or plain, spread out before it, the snowy mountains in the back-ground, and the far-famed Alhambra looming from its lofty eminence, it formed one of the most enchanting scenes I have ever witnessed, and well merits the boast of the Granadians, who say :

‘QUEN no ha visto a Granada,  
No ha visto a nada.’

The first object of attention was the Alhambra, which the Moors styled the Palace of Pearls. This immense structure is built upon an eminence which overhangs the city, and the long lines of *tapia*, or reddish mud-walls and towers which surround it, disappoint the stranger, and give him little idea of the beauty of the interior. The Moors adopted this plain exterior for their palaces to avert the effects of the Evil Eye, and to mask the interior splendor of their abodes of oriental voluptuousness.

Ascending a steep street, I arrived at *La Puerta de los Granadas*, a large stone gate-way which gives entrance to the grounds of the Alhambra. Continuing my ascent through avenues of stately trees, where the sound of fountains and running waters produced a pleasing effect on the mind, which prepared it for the enjoyment of the enchanted spot, I arrived at *La Puerta de Justicia*, the Gate of Judgment, where formerly the king, as in the east, dispensed justice. Over the horse-shoe arch of the gate-way is seen a hand and a key. The first of these symbols was probably intended to represent power; and the second, which is the great emblem of Mussulman faith, denotes the authority given to the Prophet to open and shut the gates of heaven and hell.

Passing onward through the gate, and thence through a narrow wall-enclosed lane, I entered the *Patio de los Algibes*, or the Court of the Cisterns, under which are immense tanks filled from the river Darro, which supplies the most wholesome water to the city. To the left of this

deserted, half-ruined court, arise a long line of walls and towers. One of the latter is *La Fosse de la Vela*, where tradition says the Christian flag was first hoisted over these Mussulman walls. The view from this tower is one of the most glorious the eye ever gazed upon. Below lies fair Granada, with its palaces, its churches, and its gardens; and beyond expands the ever-blooming Vega, studded with villas and villages, and enclosed by mountain-walls, from whose snowy crests flow numerous fertilizing streams, gleaming like burnished silver amid the green fields. To the left rise the snow-capped Alpujanas; then the distant sierra of Alhama; then the gorge of Loja; while to the right is the distant mountain-chain of Jaen.

On the left-hand side of the Patio de los Algibes stands the palace of Charles V., who, Vandal-like, pulled down the beautiful winter-palace of the Moors, to construct an abortion in its place, which has never been finished. The building is in the Græco-Romano style, and consists of a square of two hundred and twenty feet. The portals and windows of the three façades are elegantly ornamented with basso-relievos, which are of a most exquisite workmanship. Passing a beautiful vestibule, you enter a circular court surrounded by a portico, sustained by Doric columns. This court is used at present as a work-shop for galley-slaves, who spin twine in the spot which the most powerful monarch of the world intended to make his home, and to surround himself with all that the age could produce in art and luxury.

The entrance to the summer-palace of the Moors lies in a corner, hidden from view by the palace of the Emperor. A modest door, like the door of a *posada*, ushers the visitor into this fairy-like edifice. On one side of the door hung a string, which I pulled, and in a few moments a small, ill-looking man opened to me, and I entered the *Patio de los Arayanes*, or the Court of Myrtles. The form of this court is an oblong square, the greater part of which is occupied by a basin of water of the same shape, surrounded by myrtles, and fringed with a narrow bed of flowers. The beholder is at once enchanted with the novel and beautiful scene. The slender marble columns which support the light porticoes surrounding the court; the wonderful lace-like workmanship in plaster which embellishes the portals, the windows, and the walls, appear the realization of the fairy palace of our youth.

To the left of the entrance is the magnificent Hall of the Ambassadors, which was the reception-room of state. Passing through a beautiful vestibule, I entered this vast chamber, the pavement of which is marble, and the walls richly ornamented with exquisite stucco-work, which is so delicately wrought that it resembles a fabric of lace.

Retracing my steps through the Patio de los Arayanes, I passed through a door-way and ante-room into the Court of Lions. This court is also in the form of an oblong square. It is surrounded by a gallery, supported by one hundred and forty pillars of white marble, with most exquisitely-carved capitals. The columns are sometimes grouped and sometimes single; but they are so slender, and their capitals so delicately open-worked, that they scarcely seem equal to the support of the lace-work arches; and indeed, from sundry iron braces to be seen, it would appear that the weight of the gallery has been too great in many places,

owing to the unsightly red-tile roof which was put on, about a century since, to replace the lighter Moorish fabric, which had fallen to ruin. In the centre of the court is the Fountain of Lions. This is a magnificent basin, cut out of one piece of beautiful white marble, supported on the backs of twelve or fourteen lions. There are several halls which open upon this court. To the right is the Hall of the Abencerrages. In the centre of this chamber, a large fountain is set into the white marble pavement, on one side of which are some ferruginous stains, which my guide pointed out as the blood-marks of the Abencerrages massacred here by Boabdil. On each side of this hall there are several alcoves set into the thick walls, which are entered under beautifully-wrought arches, supported by delicate marble columns. The roof is lofty, and presents that peculiar hanging appearance resembling stalactites. The centre of the vault represents the escutcheon of the Kings of Granada, with the motto, *Le galib ile ALLAH* — God only is great.

Opposite the Hall of the Abencerrages, on the left-hand side of the court, is the Chamber of the Two Sisters, so called on account of two large white marble slabs which form a greater part of the pavement.

The entrance to this hall passes under some most exquisitely-ornamented arches. This chamber is somewhat larger than the one last described, but its decorations are similar. The only light it receives is through several small oval windows, placed just below the lofty vaulted ceiling, which throw a dreamy, voluptuous, half-day-light through the apartment. At the extremity of this *sala*, opposite the entrance, there is a beautiful little alcove, used as the boudoir of the *Sultana*, from which a window looks upon the *Patio de Lindaraja*, a charming little court surrounded by columns, and ornamented with flowers and shrubbery.

Returning to the Court of Lions, in front of the door of entrance is the *Sala de Justicia*, the Hall of Justice, which is in the form of a gallery, divided into three parts. The ornamentation of the walls and arches of this hall is exceedingly rich. The ceiling is covered with curious frescoes, representing chivalrous and amorous subjects, which are well worth examination, as they are doubtless correct representations of the costume of the times.

After having viewed the *Patio de los Liones* and the halls which surround it, I was conducted up a stair-case and through a gallery to a square tower, on the top of which is a small room, ornamented with frescoes and arabesques, and surrounded with a light colonnade. This is called *El Tocado de la Reyna*, or Dressing-room of the Queen; and it must have been a charming retreat during the heats of summer. Every breeze has access there, and the eye may wander with never-ending pleasure over one of the most beautiful landscapes that nature ever formed.

Descending again, and passing through the *Patio de Lindaraja*, I entered the baths, which are one of the best-preserved portions of the Alhambra. The *azulejos*, or curiously-painted tiles which cover the lower part of the walls, and the immense marble slabs which form the pavement, are in perfect preservation.

The arrangement of the baths is similar to that still used in the east. They are constructed of white marble, in the form of large square basins.



I ascended now to the top of the Tower of Comares, from whence the eye embraces the whole edifice, and overlooks the town and surrounding country. To the north was the Albaycin, the most ancient part of Granada, with its quaint old houses and narrow streets, that scarcely seemed wide enough to give passage to a corpulent man; to the east extended a long line of walls which enclose the Alhambra, and beyond arose the magnificent Sierra Nevada, with its eternal snow; to the south was the palace of Charles V.; to the west, the towers of *El Homenaje* and *La Vela*; and beneath, court-yards, towers, and walls, many of which had fallen to ruin, while others were fast crumbling to decay.

Such was the Alhambra as I saw it; but its present condition gives a faint conception of what it was in its days of splendor, ere time and the destroyer's hand had commenced their work, and when its thirteen hundred towers, each with their warder, crested the hill; when the blue and gold coloring had not faded from the fairy-like lace-work on the walls; when the thousand fountains had not ceased to charm the senses, nor the voice of music to float through those halls of oriental voluptuousness.

Yet, in spite of time and the destroyer's hand, this structure still delights the eye of every beholder; and as the stranger wanders through its silent halls, and the history of the past comes back upon him with all its stirring incidents, he appears to tread upon enchanted ground.

Evening is the witching time to visit this spot; for when seen by the pale light of the moon, the ravages of time are hidden from sight, while the imagination, awakened by its dreamy light, may re-people this charming abode with the children of the past. The airy form of the beautiful Zoraya may again flit across the marble halls; the dusky Moor may be seen musing amid the shadows of the trees, and the voice of song, mingling with the sound of fountains and running waters, may once more reëcho through these marble halls. Nothing can be more charming, then, than the Court of Lions, with its marble galleries and its slender columns, with their filagree capitals and light open-worked arches. Enveloped in the pearly light, they appear like the work of the enchanter's wand, the realization of our dreams of a fairy palace.

Not far from the Alhambra, but occupying a still more elevated position, is the Generalife, a palace used as a summer-residence by the Moorish princes. Only a small portion of this building, however, still remains. The façade presents a series of porticoes supported by marble columns, and the principal entrance opens upon a large saloon covered with arabesques, and containing several beautifully-arched door-ways giving entrance to smaller apartments. But all the delicate lace-work of the Moor has been covered up with white-wash, which the Spaniard has not spared on any Moorish building. The terraced garden is beautiful. The river Darro is led through the grounds in every direction, and the murmur of running waters is heard every where beneath the thickets of roses and myrtles. The visitor will be shown a venerable cypress-tree, said to have been planted by Abul-Walid in 1332. It was under this tree that the frail and beautiful Zoraya, wife of Abulhasan, was discovered with her lover, the Abencerrage.

The kingdom of Granada is one of the most fertile portions of Spain.

The Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Ridge, supplies its beautiful valleys with perpetual streams of fertilizing water, producing a never-ending succession of crops.

This kingdom was the last home of the Moors in Spain, who fled hither from the Christian advance; and it became the centre of their various arts and sciences, as well as of their agriculture and commerce. Granada, under their dominion, possessed a population of half a million, and at present it scarcely numbers eighty thousand inhabitants.

Let us descend now to the city, and stroll through its narrow winding streets, where the sun-shine scarcely gains an entrance. Here is the *Tacatin*, the shopping-street, with its narrow lanes, impassable for carriages, and its little low shops, just as they were left by the Moors.

Now we come to the place of Bib-Rambla, the heart of Granada, once filled with bazaars, where the richest products of the east were displayed. Here were held the festivals and tournaments; and here, according to tradition, was given the last fête beheld by the beautiful Zoraya, which terminated in a bloody combat between the tribes of the Zegrís and the Abencerrages, which was a prelude to the fall of this long flourishing and happy kingdom.

The public promenades are charming retreats at all hours of the day. Here, beneath avenues of gigantic trees, and amid the song of numerous fountains, which shed round their refreshing influence, the élite of Granada resort to take their evening stroll.

We will pass now to the Albaycín, the most ancient and curious part of Granada, which has remained almost entirely unchanged since the days of the Moors. It is now almost entirely inhabited by a race of Gypsies, who flourish amid the mud and filth of the dirty narrow streets. Just at the out-skirts of the town, numerous caves were pointed out to me, which are also inhabited by a part of this ragamuffin race.

The cathedral is well worthy of a visit. This immense structure is in the Græco-Romano style, and was founded in 1529. Its fine beautiful naves are formed by enormous pillars, composed of four half columns united at the top by Corinthian capitals; and its lofty dome, painted in white and gold, gives an air of grandeur to the interior. Many of the chapels contain beautiful paintings, particularly those on the right-hand side of the grand portal. In the *Capilla de San Miguel*, the first, there is a fine Cano, called *La Virgen de la Soledad*. The expression of the face is melancholy, but full of sweetness.

In the *Capilla de Los Reyes*, the largest and most beautiful chapel connected with the church, are the sepulchres of Ferdinand and Isabella, upon which repose their full-length statues. This tomb is most exquisitely wrought, and the figures and ornamentation afford a study for hours. Next to the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella, is that of their daughter, Inasca, and her husband, Philip of Burgundy. The sacristan removed an iron grating in the pavement, which displayed a flight of steps, and we descended by them to a small vault beneath the tombs, where I beheld the coffins of the wisest and greatest sovereigns that ever ruled Spain.

Ascending to the chapel, the sacristan pointed out to me the carved

effigies of the king and queen on each side of the altar, which are said to be correct representations of their faces, figures, and costumes.

The painted carvings behind them, on the retablo of the altar, are very curious, representing the conquest and conversion of the Moor. The first is the surrender of the Alhambra. Isabella is seen mounted on a white steed, riding between Ferdinand and the celebrated Cardinal Mendoza. The latter has his hand extended to receive the key of the city, which the conquered Boabdil submissively presents. Behind are knights, ladies, and numerous captives.

The other basso-relievo represents the conversion of the Moors after the conquest, where shorn monks are baptizing the crowd by wholesale.

There are numerous other churches and convents in Granada, a description of which, however, would scarcely interest the reader, for they have nearly all been stripped of their most valuable works of art, and appear to be in a decaying condition from long neglect. In 1835 and 1836, all conventual establishments were suppressed throughout Spain, and their property confiscated by the State, to be sold, and applied to the payment of the public debt and expenses. This wholesale spoliation brought great poverty into the church; for although the government undertook her support, it has never been able to fulfil its engagements, owing to the financial difficulties of the country.

It is for this reason that we see so many churches and convents stripped of their riches and works of art, and that the eye is so frequently pained with the ruin and desolation that surrounds so many noble edifices in Spain.

R. T. M.

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C O N C E A L E D   L O V E .

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BY JAMES C. PEARSON.

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SHE loved him — but he knew it not. Her heart  
Its secret hoarded, as the miser doth  
His precious gold. Whene'er he looked aside,  
Her eyes were bent on his, and there reposed,  
Till a returning glance their radiance quenched  
In love-born tears, trembling beneath the veil  
Of each deep azure orb, cast down to earth  
In quiet sadness. He was her heart's dear theme  
From matins to the vesper-chime; and night  
Brought to her couch the fancies of each day  
In dreams whose chaste and ever-new delights  
Melted in sorrow with the morrow's snow.  
Alas! it could not be that one so fair  
Should long endure such load of misery.  
A twelve-month stole the roses from her cheek,  
And laid her in the narrow resting-place  
Where now she sleeps, untouched of every care,  
With wealth of bright flowers growing over her.

## A R E M I N I S C E N C E .

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

'THERE'S rosemary—that's for remembrance.'

'IN the motion of the very leaves of spring, in the blue air there is found a secret correspondence with the heart. There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in flowing brooks, and in the whistle of the reeds beside them, which, by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awaken the spirit to a dance of breathless rapture, or bring tears of deep mysterious tenderness to the eyes—like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone.'

SHELLEY'S LETTERS.

'THE feet of the avenging deities are shod with wool,' says the old Greek proverb, and its truth is never more deeply felt than when the sounds and shows of spring, the voices and occupations of little children, become the plummet to stir the dark waters of remorse that underlie almost every human experience.

We, in our wisdom, forgetting that we are but children of older growth, are accustomed to speak of the joys and sorrows of childhood as slight and transitory; things of little note. But is it so?

Let each one look into his own heart; let him ask himself what memories bring the brightest flush of pleasure to the cheek, or the keenest pang of remorse to the heart, and he will find them those which stretch up from these mis-judged and slighted days.

At least I have found it so, else the laughing voices of those children yonder would have no power to bring up reflections like these. Years lie between the present and the hour they recall, yet its shadow has followed fast on my foot-steps, and will never be lifted from my path until it is lost in the darker one from the valley of death, and I am able to say, in the language of the blessed land that lies beyond, the words I have so oft repeated here—'Forgive!'

And yet it is a pleasant scene—those children on the massive old horse-block yonder, (famous in the annals of my own childhood as the seat of many a mighty consultation; the citadel of retreat when wet floors or any other domestic operation made our presence *de trop* in the house,) with 'the old knife,' theirs in virtue of its dulness ever since they have been old enough to use such an article, busy in the manufacture of whistles from the golden branches of the willow, whose pale-green catkins lie scattered at their feet, while the *chenille*-like tassels of the maples above them droop idly in the warm sun-shine, and the air around is filled with the slumberous hum of a pioneer-company of yellow-coated bees, who are already rioting on the blossoms of the maples.

The old house-dog lies near them, in a warm nook, with his nose thrust between his out-stretched paws, lazily watching their proceedings from under his half-shut eye-lids. He evidently considers himself a judge of such matters; (well he may, old Bruno, for he has seen more years than either of those brown heads above him;) for as they spring to their feet, sending down a whole shower of chips and twigs, and blow a shrill

blast of triumph in proof of their success, he rouses up and gives a short bark, as much as to say, 'Pretty well done!' then, shaking himself, and turning round in his steps two or three times, he again resumes his watchful posture, while the golden oriole, glinting about among the white blossoms of the plum-tree, like a moving flame, nods his shining head as he utters his note of approval, which is caught up by the bobolinkums in the apple-trees, who, doubtless, utter many a wise and witty criticism on willow-whistles and musical instruments in general; but, unfortunately, they are poured forth with such volubility, that neither the children nor the dog, nor myself, are any the wiser for them.

This is what is visible to the casual eye; but, under the influence of that mysterious law of correspondences of which Shelley speaks, I see through the fast-gathering tears more, much more; and feel again the touch of little fingers that I know have long, long since lain still beneath the grave-sod; and we arrange again, as of old, our tea-sets of acorn-cups and saucers, our bits of broken china; in the great knot-hole beneath the second steps of the old horse-block that for years served us as a cupboard.

Anne E — and I were play-mates from infancy; our babies, toys, and tools (*tool* perhaps I should say, our whole possession consisting in a Barlow-knife) were joint-stock; together we threaded the woods in spring to gather flowers or winter-green, and in the smoky autumn-days made nutting-expeditions to the hills.

We were neighbors — country-neighbors — our homes being nearly a half mile apart; and though the old E — house has long since been levelled to the ground, and naught remains to mark its site save a sunken spot of deeper green than the surrounding meadow, and here and there a straggling red rose-bush and a patch of yellow lilies or 'live-for-ever,' I can see the quaint old building as plainly as if it stood there now, with its sharp roof slanting on the east and north almost to the ground; its little narrow windows stuck in here and there without any reference to order or regularity; the deep-green yard, with its clumps of snow-balls and lilacs by the front gate; the tall laurels and damask roses beneath the windows; the 'striped grass' on each side of the low door-step; the 'entry-way,' with its fresh, crispy mat of braided corn-husks; the great front room, with the white sand drawn in zig-zag patterns over the floor; the green branches of asparagus, with its red berries, in the great open fire-place, and above the small, dark-framed mirror; the high-backed, capacious chairs, with their cushions of patch-work in stars and diamonds of all sizes and colors. That great armed-chair with the blue and buff cushion was old Captain E — 's: that I know well, for the cushion had been made from what the moths had left of the coat which he had worn at the taking of Stony Point under General Wayne.

The door-yard was our favorite place of resort. Here, in one corner, was Anne's garden, and hither from the gardens and the woods we brought in our aprons

'DAFFODILS,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of JUNO's eyes,  
Or CYTHEREA's breath:'

fragile anemones and bashful liver-leaf; spotted adders' tongues, and dandelions, and butter-cups,

'The child's inheritance from God;'

together with handfuls of daisies,

'The emprise and the flour of flouris all;'

the darling of the poets, that with

'SILVER shield and boss of gold  
Doth spread itself, some fairy bold  
In fight to cover:'

sweet, fresh, fragrant, beautiful things, but, as we gathered them, rootless, and too often stemless, which scarcely had we planted in our wee borders, ere they drooped and died beneath the ardent rays of

'Bright PHŒBUS in his strength.'

Saturdays were our only holidays, and we usually spent them together. One day — it was about this time of year — I went up to see Anne and finish some gardening operations which we had planned on our way home from school the evening before. It was just such a lovely spring-day as this: the swallows twittered on the ridge of the barn, and made sudden, side-long dives into the yard, as if drunken with joy; the house-martins, in their glossy, blue-black livery, flew back and forth into their miniature dwelling beneath the eaves, and chattered as noisily as so many politicians in convention; a wood-pecker, with a scarlet cowl, was drumming away upon a decayed limb of the old 'pound-sweeting' apple-tree by the garden-gate, quite unmindful of our childish speculations as to how he contrived to stand with his back downward, while from the 'hill-side woods' came the mournful note of the ring-dove. The air was full of fragrance from the lilacs and apple-blossoms, and murmurous with the droning hum of insects; the black-birds circled in flocks about the corn-fields, while a sentinel-crow sat perched upon the top-most branch of a tall white-wood that over-looked the field where Mr. E — was planting corn, and at intervals sent forth his hoarse cry to notify his companions that he did not sleep at his post.

Some how, our work did not progress very well that day. Several things occurred to try our patience, of which we had neither of us any great share. We were told that we could not have the nice white shingles which we had selected from a pile in the cow-house, to build a fence around our garden — a feat which we intended to perform with the aid of our 'Barlow-knife' — because Mr. E — wanted them to patch the roof of the barn; and we were obliged to carry them back, and take up with some old, brown, mildewed things which lay in the yard; then, when we had, at last, got our pickets all up, little Willie, Anne's brother, in his haste to escape from a belligerent turkey-cock of which he stood in no small fear, pitched head-long into our garden, and demolished one whole side of our fence.

Willie was a delicate little boy, never very strong, with hair as flossy



and soft as the milk-weed down, and eyes like the blue violets by the brook-side in spring. We loved him dearly, very dearly — yes, we *did* love him, and sometimes made quite a pet of him, decking him out with chains and curls of dandelions, or wreaths of wild-roses, and carrying him all around the yard, and even down to the brook, in a 'lady-chair' made of our crossed hands, while his little clinging arms encircled our necks; but — but there came times, and not unfrequently, when the little fellow's company was any thing but agreeable to us, and we made him, young as he was, *feel* it. Perhaps we wanted to go after rasp-berries, or flowers, or down to the brook after 'cat-tails' to make beds for our babies, or to hunt for young birch in the woods; and many and wondrous were the reasons we gave why he could not accompany us.

There were more lions in the way than ever troubled poor Christian on his road to the Celestial City; bears and snakes and foxes; and what if we *should* meet the terrible wolf that ate up little 'Red Riding-Hood and her grand-mother.' *Certainly* there was Mr. Ford's old black dog on the way, who had been known to snap at old Ham Asher, to say nothing of the black heifer that had shaken her head at us once, as we peered through the fence at her calf.

But, some how, whether we had not learned well the story-teller's art, or lacked faith in our own words, they did not make a very lasting impression on Willie; his eyes would grow very large and round while we were speaking, but before we were half way through the lane at the back of the house, we were almost always sure to see him following slowly on our tracks; stopping every time we stopped, and keeping just such a distance in our rear, until we were forced to permit him to go with us, or return to the house.

Poor little fellow! we knew he was very sorry for the mischief he had done to our garden that day, but we were out of temper and cross; so we scolded him severely, telling him to 'Clear out; you're always where you're not wanted!' with many other harsh, unkind words. He did not cry — he seldom did — but he looked up a moment at us with his great, dewy blue eyes, and turning very red, went and sat on the low door-step, watching us stealthily from under the brim of his little straw-hat.

We had put the finishing-touch to our garden, and were admiring our skill, when two of our school-mates came along, driving a flock of geese and goslings before them, to the music of willow-whistles. They paused a moment by the gate, and scarcely bestowing a glance upon our garden, vaunted the merits of their instruments, coupled with pretty broad hints that such wonderful things were altogether beyond *our* reach.

We, in return, spoke with a good deal of disdain of willow as a material for whistles, and lauded chestnut to the skies. '*Ours* would be of chestnut!' and as soon as their backs were turned down the street, we began to debate the propriety of going after some chestnut, and devoting the rest of the day to the construction of whistles.

Of course we did not wish Willie to accompany us on this expedition; so, slipping our sun-bonnets under our aprons, we walked very demurely



around the corner of the house, then ran down the lane at the top of our speed. Our stratagem was successful: when we reached the bridge, he was still seated on the door-step, for his little red dress and straw-hat were plainly visible.

We were gone much longer than we thought, for some of the sprouts were too large, some crooked or had knots in them; beside, we made rather slow progress in severing them with our old knife. When we returned, we found Willie fast asleep in the meadow, a little way from the brook. It had been raining the day before, and the ground where he lay was low and very damp.

By this time we had got quite over our vexation about the fence, and rousing him up, showed him our sticks, and promised him a whistle; but he was feverish and fretful, and we were glad to take him to his mother.

The next day was Sunday, and I wondered all sermon-time why none of Mr. E——'s family were at meeting. As we came home at noon, we overtook old Mrs. Ford, and I heard her tell my mother that little Willie E—— had got the scarlet-fever.

'He ha'n't been well for some days,' she went on, 'and yesterday he took a dreadful cold by sleeping on the wet ground. Here's your slip of a girl,' she continued, turning to me; 'I guess she knows something about it, for I saw Anne and her flying about like bees yesterday.'

Then, how guilty I felt! The harsh words we had spoken to the little boy the day before, seemed choking me. I knew that if we had staid at home and played with him, he would not have fallen asleep on that wet ground; so I followed on slowly behind my mother and Mrs. Ford, longing to hear them say that he would get well, but not daring to ask.

I never saw little Willie again. For four or five days I watched the Doctor's sulky as it came down the street, and followed my mother out to the gate, to hear what reply he made to her queries after his patient; then, one morning when mother came into the room to call us up, she sat down on the side of the bed, and told us that little Willie E—— was dead.

In spite of her dread of bringing the disease among her own flock, our good mother had watched with him the night before; and she told us how he did not know her, nor even his own father and mother: but once in the evening, when, yielding to Anne's cries and entreaties, they had permitted her to see him a moment, he had seemed to recognize her for a brief second, and had whispered, as she bent down to kiss him:

'Willie sorry, Sissie!'

The very words he had said, or tried to say to us, that day we scolded him so severely for disturbing our garden; words which neither she nor I ever forgot.

They would not let me attend the funeral, but I watched the procession as it came down the street. I could see the little coffin, for they did not put him in the heavy, black, gloomy hearse, but old 'Squire A—— took it in his open carriage; and when they came opposite our house, I sobbed bitterly, and longed to go out and whisper in the closed ears of my little playmate:

'O Willie, Willie!—I, I too am sorry!'

Anne has long since said these words in heaven, for not many years after, she followed Willie; but I linger still. Years have passed, and there are few in the village. Scarce any one, perhaps, save the sexton and myself, can tell where little Willie E—— was buried; for the humble stone that marked the spot has been sorely cracked by the frost and moss-grown by time, yet I often ponder over the little sunken green, and never without a feeling at my heart that prompts me to say:

O Willie, Willie, forgive!

# Y O U T H   A S   I T   I S .

BY J. E. OTIS.

A YOUTH at fifteen, on the modern plan,  
Forsakes a jacket to become a man;  
Discards his hockey and deserts his bat,  
And, beardless yet, must wear a 'GENIN' hat.  
His games are o'er; he'll 'hide and seek' no more;  
E'en 'tag' is slow, and 'bat and ball' a bore.  
Adieu to skates, and sled with merry bell!  
To boyish sports he bids a long farewell.  
With love of dress and showy 'garments' struck,  
He apes the style of some established 'buck';  
Wears watch and charms, (a doating mother's boons,)  
Embroidered vest, and 'stunning' pantaloons;  
Well-varnished boots or shoes — Parisian, neat,  
But woeful small — they agonize his feet:  
(Such feats as these, by being oft repeated,  
Deform the feet: the object is defeated.)  
Ambrosial locks and curls Macassar-reared  
Adorn a face expectant of a beard,  
For which he sighs and daily shaves, no doubt,  
But Syren song could scarcely coax it out.  
Perfume vervaine — the kind a D'ORSAY loves —  
His *mouchoir* scents, and lemon-colored gloves;  
His *tile* is *loud*, his cane perhaps is louder;  
His ring 'the thing'; his scarf a perfect *crowder*:  
These terms, 't is true, to most are not vernacular,  
But slang with him is sure to be oracular.  
With thirst for notoriety devoured,  
He haunts o' nights the Museum or Howard:  
His style of dress the youths have christened 'nobby',  
The wearer nightly decorates the lobby:  
He lounges through the early piece, perchance;  
At all events, he's sure to see the dance;  
That passed away, he calmly, coolly turns,  
Surveys the house, puts up his glass, adjourns.

The phantom Pleasure every where he tracks,  
Each varied form still restlessly attacks:

The fastest horse — a stable's pride — he mounts,  
 To teach its owner how to keep accounts ;  
 Takes fancy buggies, calls for 'rushing' sleighs,  
 The bills for which a parent sadly pays ;  
 Attends the races, knows each horse and groom ;  
 Is known at once in every billiard-room ;  
 At ten-pin alleys bets you what you dare  
 He'll get each roll a 'ten-strike' or a 'spare.'  
 He takes his ale, and smokes a cigarette ;  
 He'll 'shake for drinks,' or 'Tom-and-Jerrys' bet ;  
 Frequents, perhaps, those freely festive halls  
 Where beauty meets at half a dollar balls.  
 His rapid course with revelry is rife :  
 He loves to feel that this is 'seeing life.'

We'll seek the cherub at his night's repose,  
 While, wrapt in sleep, his heavy eyelids close ;  
 A light that, shaded, penetrates the gloom,  
 Will lend us aid to glance about his room.  
 In brawny beauty stands the sturdy 'HYER,'  
 Whose fearful fist made SULLIVAN retire ;  
 And 'Lady Suffolk,' queen of all the races,  
 Hangs *vis-à-vis* with 'Cupid and the Graces.'  
 In scanty raiment 'BLANGY' meets the eye ;  
 Then turn and see how 'SPARTACUS' can die :  
 The ELSSLER, too, in some ethereal dance,  
 'Vivandière,' with flag and 'Vive la France.'  
 The artist here with each has done his best,  
 The limbs well turned, and nothing over-dressed.  
 'A Pointer's Head,' 'A Windy Day's Disaster ;'  
 'The Carnival,' and 'VENUS,' done in plaster ;  
 A head of NEAFIE ; other leading stars ;  
 The New-York 'Spirit' — liquor-stand — cigars ;  
 Add coats and canes, a dressing-case, and then  
 We've seen the sanctum of our 'fast' young men.

Temptation's flood has borne the youth along ;  
 The flesh was weak, the *spirit* far too strong.  
 Warm-hearted, ardent, full of boyish pride,  
 He had not strength to turn and stem the tide.  
 The waves of pleasure all seem bright and warm,  
 The youth may change, the prodigal reform :  
 Not hopeless yet ! Though guardian angels weep  
 O'er erring youth, a vigil still they keep ;  
 They may destroy this dark, delusive dream,  
 Awake to reason, and the youth redeem.

From seeming pleasure to withdraw the mask  
 With kindly care — be this a parent's task.  
 Avoiding anger, hushed be harsh harangue ;  
 In cheerful kindness show the serpent's fang ;  
 With pleasant sports the joys of home enhance,  
 Some harmless game — society — a dance ;  
 Nor needless check their frolics, boyish fun :  
 We've all been boys, and know what then was done.  
 By gentle ways their confidence you gain ;  
 Affection binds them with a silken chain :  
 Let home be made replete with social joys :  
 Be this your aim, and you will save your boys.

Boston, 1853.

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCHOOL-LIFE.

BY RALPH ROANOKE

THE first specimen of a live Yankee I ever saw was a school-master. School-teaching in country villages is an up-hill business. I never knew but one man succeed in making money at it, and he was my friend, the Yankee. The uncertainty of such an occupation in affording the means of subsistence, renders it undesirable. As a consequence, many villages are left without schools for months together. On this account, parents are often compelled to send their children from home to learn even the first rudiments of an education.

In my eleventh year, the growing village of Belleville was left minus a teacher, and it was no part of my good father's system of education to allow his children to waste their youth in idleness. I was therefore sent to board in the country at my grand-father's, to have the benefit of a great eastern light who had recently made his appearance in that neighborhood.

With a restlessness somewhat akin to the pioneer who pulls up his tent and dives still deeper into the solitudes of the forest at the echo of a new axe, the lowing of a neighbor's cattle, or the bark of a strange dog, Elihu H. Howe found his New-England home too full of competition. He had read some where, that

'Westward the course of empire take its way,'

and his adventurous nature sympathized with the prophecy.

After 'trainin' around a good spell,' with that ready tact and quick perception which distinguishes the whole Yankee nation, he stuck his stakes at the romantic settlement of Turkey-Hill. This he did in defiance of the past experience of other teachers, who had never succeeded beyond one quarter. But Elihu was a far-seeing man, and it required but one glance of his eye to discover where had been the previous difficulty.

The residents of that township were a peculiar people. Many of them were men of property and education. Not unlike our Pilgrim Fathers, they had left their more comfortable and enlightened homes in the Middle States from conscientious scruples. They had manumitted their slaves, and sought the far west in comparative poverty, to enjoy humbler but more cheerful homes, out of sight of the 'degrading influences of slavery.' The above hint will suffice to show the tact of our friend Elihu, who lost no time in joining the church, in proffering his services to open a Sunday-school, and in doing all and severally those things best calculated to please a law-abiding and religious people. Elihu was a small man, with very black hair, large gray eyes, and tremendous heavy eye-brows. But I begin to feel alarmed lest, in his love of adventure, (not to say any thing of gain,) he may have become a spiritual rapper, and give me a whack for my temerity; or perchance that

his angry ghost may appear, clothed in the same queer-looking stockinet pantaloons as tight as the skin, which he always wore, and which were such an innovation upon the fashions of that region. I shall never forget the figure he cut, and the many times I was tempted to ask him how long it took him to get *in*, or whether he had ever been *out* of them since he left Yankee-land.

The school-house was located in the centre of a township, and the neighborhood in the circle of three miles furnished a sufficient number of scholars to make quite a respectable school. Like most country school-houses in the west, this was called the 'meeting-house' on Sundays; and I often amused myself by contrasting the scenes enacted therein by the solemn fathers and their progressive sons. Nothing could have been more delightful than this rural school. We got our breakfasts early in the morning, and taking our dinners in baskets, marched off leisurely, reaching the school-house by eight o'clock. Between studying and reciting our lessons, the time flew so rapidly that twelve o'clock was upon us before we were aware of it. This was the commencement of play-time, and then each fellow took out his basket, and seated himself on a green grass-plot, in the centre of which was a fine spring. We ate our frugal meals, and discussed the plans for spending the play-hours. Many and various were the games from which to choose, and the exercise was both healthy and refreshing. Play-time lasted for two hours, school again for three hours, and by five o'clock we were wending our way home again.

Elihu was a great economist, and in making his arrangements, provided himself a home free of expense, in the following manner: he took the rounds with his scholars, going each night with a different one, until he had made the circuit; then he began again, and so kept up his social calls, and secured agreeable quarters. In this manner he became familiar with both children and parents, and increased not only his usefulness, but his reputation. Like Goldsmith's Village Master,

'His words of learned length and thundering sound  
Amazed the gaping rustics ranged around;  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
How one small head could carry all he knew.  
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;  
For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still.'

Ah! those were glorious days! But, some how or other, I was more mischievous at that school than at any other. I scarcely know whether it was because I was at a mischievous age, or for the reason that I was so very happy. My observation inclines me to the belief that all cheerful boys are more fond of what in school-boy parlance is called innocent amusement than gloomy, dispirited ones. It was my opinion, when a boy, that school-days should be protected by law from all disagreeable associations; that to make a school-boy miserable should be a capital offence; and I am pleased to find, now that I have boys of my own, I can conscientiously say, I have not changed my opinion. If we wish to bring up our children an honor and a solace to our declining years, we must make their childhood happy.

This, like most country-schools, was attended by both sexes; and while the boys were having their sports, the girls appeared equally delighted. They often joined in the games of the boys, beside playing

many of the same kind among themselves, and many a young lassie would have put our swiftest laddies to the top of their mettle to lead them in a foot-race :

‘HAPPY days of childhood,  
Where peaceful school-days flew,’

and young ladies were allowed to breathe the fresh air, and their merry voices echoed unchecked through the sylvan groves. They had swings and play-houses ; they had dinner-parties, and singing and dancing in the open air ; and their ruddy and cheerful countenances gave the best evidence of their health and happiness.

I have had frequent opportunities of observing the growth and development of children taught in schools where both sexes were admitted, and I am not able to recall a solitary instance where evils resulted therefrom. And I am happy to find my opinion corroborated in a late article on education, from the pen of an able and distinguished lady, who says : ‘The union of the sexes in schools stimulates to exertion, and imposes wholesome moral restraints ; and were it but continued, instead of rudely broken in upon, it would prevent many unhappy marriages ; for it would tend to moderate that inconsiderate passion which is often awakened by distance and imposed restraints.’

But, as a faithful chronicler of events, I must acknowledge that the harmony of this beautiful school was sometimes disturbed by little rows and riotings, in which I performed my full share. On one occasion, I was the cause of no little merriment, as I paid the penalty for insulting a young lady by giving her a nick-name. This young lady was most distressingly ugly, both in face and temper, and had a very tantalizing name to make fun out of, when associated with her personal appearance. She was christened Irene Crawford. I forget why I outraged common politeness by giving her a nick-name, but I presume I must have espoused the cause of some other girl, and, in the absence of any other means of retaliation, I called her Irene *Crawfish* ; a species of articulata which, by the way, she much resembled. This was very malicious in me, and I deserved even a more severe punishment than I received. But there was some little excuse for me, for no matter what disturbance occurred between the girls, Irene was sure to be mixed up with it. Doubtless the éclat that I obtained from the whole school of girls for espousing their cause was the ruling motive in my mind, to overbalance the injustice I was doing to one. Irene reported me to Elihu.

Among his other rare qualities, Elihu had an inventive genius, and disdained repeating himself or copying any body else. He would rather let a boy go unwhipped than punish two in the same manner. The many pranks that had been played requiring punishment, had already put his genius to the test for novelties, and the wonder now was, ‘What new thing can he trump up ?’

I saw his large, cold gray eye sweep the horizon, as if he were offering a prayer to the god of Invention, when suddenly it rested upon a stump of a tree in front of the door, which had been transformed into a stationary step-ladder for mounting ladies on horse-back. A sardonic smile, like a gleam of moon-shine, passed quickly over his imperturbable countenance, announcing, to one familiar with his manner, the birth of a new idea.

Having once formed his plan, no time was ever lost, but an immediate announcement was made in a drawling, monotonous voice :

'Ralph Roanoke will stand on one foot for an hour, on the horse-block in front of the door, bare-headed ; and every time he falls off will add another half hour.'

An instantaneous roar of laughter followed this announcement, in which I joined as heartily as any. In general, this out-break would have brought condign punishment upon the head of every fellow who was caught laughing. But Elihu was eccentric withal, and would have been very much chagrined if his announcement had been received quietly. He would have felt it to be a failure. It was a tribute to his invention. Yes, the more his boys laughed, the more he inwardly chuckled, and the greater was the danger of a collapse to his stockinets. Thanks to good and well-developed muscles, I hopped upon the block, and went at it as cheerfully as a martyr. The old adage, that 'it is an ill wind that blows no body any good,' was again verified in my case. It was literally impossible for the boys to study with Ralph cocked up on one leg, making all kinds of grimaces when Elihu's eye was turned away, without shutting the door ; and if the door was shut, it could not be seen whether he was in statu quo or not. Thus I had the penalty and the other boys had the fun.

At length the hour expired, and Elihu gravely made the announcement,

'Ralph Roanoke having stood an hour on his right leg, can now take his seat.'

But Ralph could not resist the temptation to show his bottom by flapping his wings, (arms,) and crowing like a fighting-cock.

Another roar of laughter, and then followed that monotonous voice :

'Ralph Roanoke will stand another hour on his left leg, and the first one who laughs shall keep him company.'

This second hour on t'other leg completely smoothed down all Ralph's impudence, and the latter clause took the grin off the faces of all merry-makers, and put another stripe on the shoulders of the great Captain Elihu H. Howe.

#### A CHILD'S DAY-DREAM.

My little child lay on the bed,  
Sleeping the noon-tide hour away,  
While in the radiance round her head  
Sweet dreams of beauty seemed to play.  
A smile shed light o'er all her face,  
And her closed eye could only see  
Such sights as, clothed with rarest grace,  
Glimmer through dreams of infancy.  
Young fairies danced around her lip,  
Like butter-flies around a flower ;  
And each one took a nectared sip,  
And frolicked through the sunny hour.  
All suddenly her voice was heard,  
Talking to them in unknown tongue,

But musical as mocking-bird,  
That hymns its love the groves among.  
Her dark eye, opening wildly bright,  
Was upward turned, and seemed to see  
The forms that made her dream so light  
Flitting away in maddest glee.  
Her hands were raised her breast above,  
As if she gladly would detain  
Some fairy she had learned to love,  
The sweetest of that heavenly train.  
But, with the moment, from her mind  
The dream had fled that was so dear ?  
But dreams their beauty leave behind,  
Some future hour of shade to cheer.



## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW, for the July Quarter, 1853. Boston: LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THE opening article in the present number of our ancient American contemporary is a running commentary upon five recent volumes of English poetry, commencing with the 'poems' of ALEXANDER SMITH, of which a brief notice was given in the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER. We are not surprised to find our judgment of the merits of this newly-risen 'star' in modern English literature confirmed by the '*North-American*;' simply because we cannot well conceive how the writings of the subject of the paper could be honestly regarded in any other light. We shall venture to extract one or two passages from the article alluded to, the 'grounds' and conclusions of which we are quite certain all who have read the book will find little difficulty in conceding:

'STUDIES of the literature of any distant age or country; all the imitations and quasi-translations which help to bring together into a single focus the scattered rays of human intelligence; poems after classical models, poems from Oriental sources, and the like, have undoubtedly a great literary value. Yet there is no question — it is plain and patent enough — that people much prefer '*Vanity-Fair*' and '*Bleak-House*.' Why so? Is it simply because we have grown prudent and prosaic, and should not welcome, as our fathers did, the '*Marmions*,' and the '*Rokebys*,' the '*Childe Harolds*' and the '*Corsairs*?' Or is it that, to be widely popular, to gain the ear of multitudes, to shake the hearts of men, poetry should deal more than at present it usually does with *general wants, ordinary feelings*, the *obvious* rather than the *rare* facts of human nature? Could it not attempt to convert into beauty and thankfulness, or at least into some form and shape — some feeling, at any rate, of content — the actual, palpable things with which our every-day life is concerned; introduce into business and weary task-work a character and a soul of purpose and reality; intimate to us relations which, in our unchosen, peremptorily-appointed posts, in our grievously-narrow and limited spheres of action, we still, in and through all, retain to some central, celestial fact? Could it not console us with a sense of significance, if not of dignity, in that often dirty, or at least dingy, work which it is the lot of so many of us to have to do, and which some one or other, after all, must do? Might it not divinely condescend to all infirmities; be in all points tempted as we are; exclude nothing, least of all guilt and distress, from its wide fraternization not content itself merely with talking of what may be better elsewhere, but seek also; to deal with what *is* here? We could each one of us, alas! be so much that some how we find we are not; we have all of us fallen away from so much that we still long to call ours. Cannot the Divine Song in some way indicate to us our unity, though from a great way off, with those happier things; inform us, and prove to us, that though we are what we are, we may yet, in some way, even in our abasement, even by and through our daily work, be related to the purer existence?'

The 'Life-Drama,' the reviewer concedes, 'has the merit, such as it is, of not showing much of the *littérateur*, or connoisseur, or indeed the student;' but the poems present 'continual images drawn from the busy seats of industry,' and 'there is a charm in finding the black streams that welter out of factories, the dreary lengths of urban and suburban dustiness,

— 'the squares and streets,  
And faces that one meets,'

irradiated with a gleam of genuine purity.' The story of the 'Life-Drama' is thus briefly indicated: 'WALTER, a boy of poetic temperament and endowment, has, it appears, in the society of a poet-friend now deceased, grown up with the ambition of achieving something great in the highest form of human speech. Unable to find or make a way, he is diverted from his lofty purposes by a romantic love-adventure, obscurely told, with a 'lady' who finds him asleep, ENDYMION-like, under a tree. The fervor and force of youth wastes itself here in vain; a quick disappointment—for the lady is betrothed to another—sends him back enfeebled, exhausted, and embittered, to essay once again his task. Disappointed affections and baffled ambition, contending henceforward in unequal strife with the temptations of skepticism, indifference, apathetic submission, base indulgence, and the like; the sickened and defeated, yet only too strong, too powerful man, turning desperately off, and recklessly at last plunging in mid-unbelief into joys to which only belief and moral purpose can give reality; out of horror-stricken guilt, the new birth of clearer and surer, though humbler, conviction, trust, resolution; these happy changes met, perhaps a little prematurely and almost more than half-way, by success in the aims of a purified ambition, and crowned, too, at last, by the blessings of a regenerate affection—such is the argument of the latter half of the poem; and there is something of a current and tide, so to say, of poetic intention in it, which carries on the reader (after the first few scenes) perforce, in spite of criticism and himself, through faulty imagery, turgid periods, occasional bad versification and even grammar, to the close.'

The reviewer thinks little of the first four or five scenes. 'There are,' it is observed, 'frequent fine lines, occasional beautiful passages; but the tenor of the narrative is impeded and obstructed to the last degree, not only by accumulations of imagery, but by episode, and episode within episode, of the most embarrassing form. It is really discouraging to turn page upon page, while WALTER is quoting the poems of his lost friend, and wooing the unknown lady of the wood with a story of another lady and an Indian page.' The sweet and tender thought of the lover-maiden, presently quoted, was in type among the excluded extracts of the notice in our last number:

'I HAVE a strange, sweet thought. I do believe  
I shall be dead in spring, and that the soul  
Which animates and doth inform these limbs  
Will pass into the daisies of my grave.  
If memory shall ever lead thee there,  
Through daisies I'll look up into thy face,  
And feel a dim, sweet joy; and if they move,  
As in a little wind, thou'lt know 'tis I.'

Instead of writing from and 'in and of himself,' the critic of the *North-American* cannot but see that Mr. SMITH has 'followed predominantly, if not exclusively, the writers of his own immediate time.' 'He is the latest disci-

ple of the school of KEATS. He is young enough to free himself from his present manner, which does not seem natural, and his own.' The verdict here expressed is one which has now been so fully and uniformly rendered, that appeal from it were wholly vain. 'ALEXANDER SMITH writes, it would almost seem, under the impression that the one business of the poet is to coin metaphors and similes. He tells them out as a clerk might sovereigns at the Bank of England. So many comparisons—so much poetry; it is the sterling currency of the realm. He is most pleased when he can double or treble a similitude. But simile within simile, after the manner of Chinese boxes, are more curious than beautiful.' 'The continuity of the poem is perpetually presumed upon; the attention which the reader desires to devote to the pursuit of the main drift of what the writer calls itself a single poem, is incessantly called off to look at this and look at that;' and he 'diverts us continually from the natural course of thought, feeling, and narrative.' Our own idea is, that there *can be* but little real feeling, and little original imagination, in such a writer; but this opinion we have already expressed.

A second 'division' is upon the 'Poetical Remains of SIDNEY WALKER,' which are full of 'real timidity, real sinking from actual things, and real fear of living.' The author was the school-fellow and college-friend of PRAED. 'Marked from his earliest youth by his poetic temper and faculty, he passed fifty-one years, mostly in isolation and poverty, shivering upon the brink, trembling and hesitating upon the threshold of life. Fearful to affirm any thing, lest it haply might be false; to do any thing, because so probably it might be a sin; to speak, lest he should lie; almost to feel, lest it should be a deception; he sat crouching and cowering in a dismal London back-street lodging, over the embers of a wasting and dying fire, the true image of his own vitality.' Yes; and one might almost say the same of his verse; which, although melodious in rhythm, and full of feeling, is of so sad, so melancholy a school, that we pass it by for the present. The writer may be more variously represented by his entire volume. Judging from the single poem quoted from the volume of the young Irish poet, WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, we should regard him as a keen observer of the outward in nature, with a heart to interpret its teachings to the hearts of others.

The remaining papers in the *North-American* are 'BROUGHAM's Political Philosophy;' 'The Eclipse of Faith, or a Visit to a Religious Skeptic;' 'SPARKS' Correspondence of the Revolution;' 'Recent Social Theories;' 'France, England, and America;' 'Modern Saints, Catholic and Heretic;' 'The Life of SAINT PAUL;' 'THACKERAY as a Novelist;' 'Writings of B. B. EDWARDS;' and 'SCHOOLCRAFT on the Indian Tribes.' Of the articles above-named, we have found leisure to peruse only 'The Eclipse of Faith,' the one on the Life of ST. PAUL, and that on the Writings of THACKERAY. The first, from internal evidence alone, we judge to be from the pen of Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY. It is characterized by logical force and beauty of style, as a single passage will sufficiently attest:

'WHEN we mark the fondness of birds and beasts for their young, and see that, after a few weeks or months, they no longer recognize their own offspring, we perceive that the care of the defenceless is the only and sufficient end of the instinctive love that they cherish. But in man, when dependence ceases, attachment survives and grows stronger. It is the testimony of those who know, that, severe as is the sorrow when little children are called away, those who die in their maturity carry with them a still

larger portion of the parent's heart. The affections grow with the growth of character, and are never more intense and active than on the near approach of death, when every cherished name of the living and the departed mounts to the lips, and the last strength of dissolving nature is expended in words of love and consolation for those that are to survive. If these affections are to slumber for ever in the grave, why are they suffered thus to grow through life and to live in death? We receive their permanence as a pledge of immortality. If not, what else does it mean? how else is it to be accounted for? why this distinguishing attribute of human love in contrast with all else that bears the semblance of love?

'All the phenomena of disease and dissolution present insuperable difficulties, unless man be immortal. If that which thinks and loves is part and parcel of the bodily frame, why does it live in undiminished and growing vigor with the mutilation and decay of that frame? How can the tongue, the hand, the foot be palsied, and the mind unimpaired? How can the body waste to the shadow of its former self, and the soul that tenants it seem more luminous and majestic than when its tabernacle was entire and sound? If the soul has not a separate life of its own, how can it be so clear and bright, so self-collected and earnest, so keen of apprehension, so rapid in action, as it often is up to the very moment of dissolution? Why is it that the process which Christians calls disembodiment frequently enhances, to an amazing degree, the quantity of mental and spiritual life, so that the feeble grow strong, the timid bold, the slow of tongue eloquent, the lame of counsel wise, the dull of fancy rich in lofty and gorgeous imaginings? These things look not like the death of the soul.'

From the paper upon the 'Life of Saint PAUL,' we present this consideration of what manner of person he probably was, with some very well-expressed conclusions upon the assumption:

'WHAT ST. PAUL was in person we can infer but vaguely. He quotes those who speak of his 'bodily presence as weak, and his speech as contemptible;' and there is reason to believe that the 'thorn in the flesh' to which he refers was the close-clinging consciousness of a physical nature ill-adapted to win respect and deference. Yet, wherever he appeared, he seems to have commanded profound attention, and to have awakened lasting interest in the truths that he dispensed. If insignificant in outward aspect, his presence exerted a controlling influence. If lame in speech, results prove him to have been the most eloquent man of his age. We can conceive that he may have derived added power from the very infirmities of which he was so painfully conscious. The most ample physical endowments are over-prone to fasten regard on the orator, rather than on his cause. The brilliant harangue attracts more praise for its rhetoric than heed to its doctrine. Nay, there is prone to adhere to those who are eloquent by the gift of nature, the suspicion of excessive self-reference; and many are the earnest men in professional and public life, the efficacy of whose words would be greatly enhanced by diminished symmetry of form and feature, or by something less than faultless accent and modulation. On the other hand, a spirit of superior brightness and energy, when lodged in a diminutive, feeble, or deformed body, frees itself to an amazing degree from all bodily circumspection, works itself loose from organic laws, and becomes endowed with a power of action and influence far beyond the measure of its apparent means and opportunities. Thus, too, a slender, shrill, harsh, or intractable voice, when laden with great thoughts and fervent emotion, either rises into an eloquence as far above artistical rules as it is wide of them; or else, in its utter inadequacy there is an inexplicable charm, which brings hearers into that close intimacy with the speaker, in which his spirit seems to be transfusing itself directly into theirs, rather than communing with them through the medium of language. We conceive of St. PAUL's person as in itself unattractive, but as irradiated in countenance, gesture, and mien, as absolutely transfigured and glorified, by the vividness of his spiritual perceptions, the intensity of his zeal, the fervor of his piety. His voice, too, may have been beneath the capacity of culture; yet it must have swelled and surged, grown majestic in its intonation and rhythm, trembled with deep emotion, risen into grandeur as it spoke of CHRIST and heaven, and struck the most gentle chords when moved by pity and sympathy. Such a soul as his could have assimilated the meanest apparatus of bodily functions to its own intense and noble vitality; could have become transparent through the most opaque medium; could have made itself profoundly felt even with a stammering tongue or a barbarous dialect.'

We have not of late had the requisite space to do justice to the merits of our old and favorite Quarterly; but our readers will find it no whit behind its previous reputation, either as to matter or manner. Its typography is as correct and faultless as ever.

THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. A Series of Lectures. By W. M. THACKERAY. In one volume: pp. 297. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THOSE of our readers whose good-fortune it was to hear Mr. THACKERAY deliver the course of lectures collected together and revised by the author in the well-printed volume before us, will need no added inducement to secure their leisurely perusal. The printed lectures, to be sure, require the manner; the clear, firm, musical voice; the tone, now of sarcasm and scorn, and now of deep emotion and feeling, which characterized their oral delivery; but then the reader, in the present case, coming across a terse, sententious, or poetical passage, can turn back a page, and re-read that which gave him so much pleasure when he first heard it, and now first reads it, and can scan and study the grace of style which makes its peculiar charm; and this he could not do while the lecturer was hurrying him on to new surprises and new gratifications. In reading these lectures, one can see, we fancy, the same kind of observation, the same acute limning of the manners of the past, which constitute the writer's great excellence and marked peculiarity, in his descriptions of the manners of the present age. And in this connection we venture to quote and confirm the following passage from a condensed but well-discriminated criticism, by a writer in the last *'North-American Review,'* elsewhere noticed in the present number:

'No eye was ever keener, no speech ever franker, than THACKERAY'S. The heart of every reader of his works confesses his insight into its most secret emotions. And yet it is not in sounding the depths of the soul that his peculiar and unrivalled excellence lies, but in noting all the external indications of character; in seizing, with a comprehensive glance, the multifarious and minute peculiarities of habit or appearance, by which thought and feeling betray themselves to a penetrating gaze. He is the greatest of observers. In the masquerade of *'Vanity-Fair'* he recognizes every one; the choice of the disguise betrays the wearer, or the manner in which it is worn. No man watches with such vigilance the by-play of life. The petty artifices of vanity; the covert leers of slander and envy; the insolent courtesies of varnished vulgarity; the stolen glances of timid affection; the unbreathed sighs of patient suffering; all these he surprises on their passage, and interprets as if by intuition. He sees the soul, not naked, but draped in the customs and formulas of artificial life; and he points out how awkwardly the garments fit, and what a sorry figure it is that struts about before the admiring crowd, padded with honors and dignities, or, it may be, with virtue and respectability. He is not a detective-officer, who follows a criminal to his secret haunts, and drags his dark deeds to light. It is while engaged in his open and regular pursuits and amusements, at dinner, in the theatre, while reading the newspapers, or driving in the park, that the suspected party is under our author's *surveillance*. By the appearance and the manner at such times; the dress, the gesture, the traitorous communications of the quivering lip or knitted brow, he reads the emotion and deciphers the thought. To be an adept in this mystery; to be able to discover character by those *'trifles light as air'* that distinguish one man from another, or the same man from himself at a different time, in actions and habits common to all, requires a knowledge of those minute details of art and science which have so much to do with men's appearance and behavior.'

Now this praise, which is just and true, of THACKERAY'S portraiture of characters living, moving, and having their being in our own time, is equally applicable to the eminent men of the past whom he has brought before us in these lectures. He rolls back the tide of time, walks the old streets and alleys of London, and visits the haunts of his *'sitters,'* so to speak, in company *with* them. We see them *as* they were at that remote period, and as



if they were now. And these pictures are completed by a few finishing-touches of his facile pencil. When he says of SWIFT, in 'summing up,' that 'his youth was bitter, as that of a great genius, bowed down by ignoble ties, and powerless in a mean dependence: his age was bitter, like that of a great genius that had fought the battle and nearly won it, and lost it, and thought of it afterward in his lonely exile;' that 'as fierce a beak and talon as ever struck, as strong a wing as ever beat, belonged to SWIFT,' he simply states in brief what he has already most abundantly proved. Let us, as a striking contrast, take a passage from the lecture upon SWIFT and that upon ADDISON, affording a brief consideration of the characters of each:

'DREADFUL it is to think that SWIFT knew the tendency of his creed — the fatal rocks toward which his logic desperately drifted. That last part of Gulliver is only a consequence of what has gone before: and the worthlessness of all mankind; the pettiness, cruelty, pride, imbecility; the general vanity, the foolish pretension, the mock greatness, the pompous dullness, the mean aims, the base successes; all these were present to him; it was with the din of these curses of the world, blasphemies against HEAVEN, shrieking in his ears, that he began to write his dreadful allegory — of which the meaning is, that man is utterly wicked, desperate, and imbecile; and his passions are so monstrous, and his boasted powers so mean, that he is and deserves to be the slave of brutes, and ignorance is better than his vaunted reason. What had this man done? What secret remorse was rankling at his heart, what fever was boiling in him, that he should see all the world blood-shot? We view the world with our own eyes, each of us; and we make from within us the world we see. A weary heart gets no gladness out of sunshine; a selfish man is skeptical about friendship, as a man with no ear does not care for music. A frightful self-consciousness it must have been which looked on mankind so darkly through those eyes of SWIFT.

'A remarkable story is told by SCOTT of DELANY, who interrupted Archbishop KING and SWIFT in a conversation which left the prelate in tears, and from which SWIFT rushed away with marks of strong terror and agitation in his countenance; upon which the archbishop said to DELANY: 'You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question.'

'The most unhappy man on earth — Miserrimus — what a character of him! And at this time all the great wits of England had been at his feet. All Ireland had shouted after him, and worshipped as a liberator, a saviour, the greatest patriot and citizen, Dean DRAPER BICKERSTAFF GULLIVER: the most famous statesmen and the greatest poets of his day had applauded him and done him homage; and at this time, writing over to BOLINGBROKE from Ireland, he says: 'It is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would, if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, and not to die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.'

Now observe with how much unction the same pen that has depicted the sneering, unhappy, wretched SWIFT, presents to you a picture of JOSEPH ADDISON, author of '*The Spectator*:'

'We love him for his vanities as much as his virtues. What is ridiculous is delightful in him: we are so fond of him because we laugh at him so. And out of that laughter, and out of that sweet weakness, and out of those harmless eccentricities and follies, and out of that touched brain, and out of that honest manhood and simplicity, we get a result of happiness, goodness, tenderness, pity, piety, such as — if my audience will think their reading and hearing over — doctors and divines but seldom have the fortune to inspire. And why not? Is the glory of heaven to be sung only by gentlemen in black coats? Must the truth be only expounded in gown and surplice, and out of those two vestments can no body preach it? Commend me to this dear preacher without orders — this 'parson in the tye-wig.' When this man looks from the world whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighted up with a more serene rapture; a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than JOSEPH ADDISON'S. Listen to him: from your childhood you have known the verses: but who can hear their sacred music without love and awe?

'Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth:  
And all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets, in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Among their radiant orbs be found?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing as they shine,  
'The HAND that made us is divine.'

'It seems to me those verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a greet deep calm. When he turns to heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind; and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town; looking at the birds in the trees; at the children in the streets; in the morning or in the moon-light; over his books in his own room; in a happy party at a country merry-making or a town assembly, good-will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of HIM who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If SWIFT's life was the most wretched, I think ADDISON's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterward for his happy and spotless name.'

For the admirable lectures upon STEELE, HOGARTH, STERNE, and GOLD-SMITH, we must refer the reader to the volume from which we have already so liberally extracted. They are replete with keen observation and felicity and force of expression, and will not only 'reward perusal,' but impress themselves permanently upon the memory.

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THE NEW-YORK QUARTERLY. Devoted to Science and Literature. Number Two of Volume Second. New-York: LAMPORT, BLAKEMAN AND LAW.

THIS is a good number of a Quarterly published in our very midst, and almost under our very eyes, and yet this is the first number of the work which we remember to have seen. It contains six 'articles' proper, with a seventh, entitled 'Contemporary Literature of the last Three Months,' which embraces a running commentary upon some score of new publications. The opening article, upon 'The Cuban Question,' affords a more general and enlarged view of the 'Queen of the Antilles' than we have elsewhere encountered; and it will go far, we think, by its seductive descriptions, to bring about, sooner or later, another foray upon the beautiful island. There is an interesting paper upon JOHN RANDOLPH, and incidentally upon the great PATRICK HENRY, which is both well-written and instructive. 'Music a Language' will not be overlooked by those readers who have 'music in their souls;' a class, we cannot help thinking, much rarer than most people suppose. It is our belief, founded upon no little observation, that the affectation of a love of what is termed 'difficult music,' especially of the Italian school, is one of the most fashionable vanities of the time. But this apart. The article on MARIE STUART treats a thread-bare subject in a very interesting manner: but we would fain ask, are there not themes for a reviewer a little more instructive, and somewhat nearer our own time, and of more immediate interest to our people? 'Astronomy and Physics' is the title of the next paper, but we found its perusal beyond our present leisure. In the next article we are glad to see justice rendered to the late Rev. SYLVESTER JUDD, who left this world 'all too soon,' although fully prepared, by a life of moral and religious usefulness, to enter upon the honors and rewards of another and a better. We have great pleasure in remembering that to all the unique works of this lamented author the KNICKERBOCKER rendered early and cordial encouragement.



HOME-PICTURES. By MRS. MARY ANDREWS DENISON. 'What is it but a Map of Busy Life?' In one volume: pp. 417. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WHEN we bring a new book into the sanctum, and presently find it gone; when, on inquiry, we ascertain that this one has had it, and that one *was* reading it, and this one *is* reading it, among the household, the natural inference is, that the author has the power of commanding an audience, and that involuntary commendation is an unmistakable tribute to talent. Now it was a week and more before we could obtain an opportunity to peruse these 'Home-Pictures' of Mrs. DENISON; and when at last we *did* sit down to their perusal, no farther explanation was needed. 'The title of the book sufficiently indicates its character. It is a series of '*Pictures of Home*,' as supposed to be viewed by a country-girl who becomes the wife of a merchant, and sketched by her own hand from real life.' Much of the narrative appeared originally in the columns of a popular literary journal in Boston, '*The Olive Branch*.' The whole has been carefully revised, in some cases almost re-written, and is now first presented in a permanent form. There is a good and wholesome, although a sad moral worked out in the history of the plain country-girl suddenly transferred to city-life, with all its false attractions and temptations, which she has not the strength of mind to withstand; and the scenes and characters introduced are managed with much skill and dramatic effect. The story, however, and its concomitants, our lack of space compels us to leave with the reader, to whose attention we cordially commend it, while we content ourselves with presenting a single extract, containing a sketch of an eccentric individual, whose motives and notions are more than 'somewhat rare.' It is a passage from a subsection entitled '*The Living Tomb*,' setting forth how one JOHN DURAND, in a town in Massachusetts, many long years ago, for the purpose of mortifying self-pride, teaching himself humiliation, and making himself familiar with death, had a coffin placed upon a bier in a vault in the cellar, which he daily and nightly contemplated rather with a feeling of satisfaction and pleasure than of awe or repugnance:

"I REMEMBER old JOHN DURAND, as every body called him," said LIZZY WAUGH; 'he was very tall, and stooped somewhat, and always carried a very large gold-headed cane.

"His hair was long and flowing, and, toward the end of his life, very white. I can just recollect how he would beckon me to him as I wandered by his beautiful garden, (for indeed his lands about here were much more elegantly laid out than brother's,) and stroke my 'golden locks,' as he called them, while his fingers trembled so violently they almost seemed to shake me. He was very eccentric. I have heard brother and his wife talk of him by the hour. Once he called us into the house, my little cousin and I, and after telling the house-keeper to give us some bread and honey, which we ate from a beautifully-polished mahogany-table that ran the whole length of the dining-room, he took us up-stairs, in the very room over-head.

"I never was more astonished in my life than at the sight there exhibited. All around the room hung cages of various sizes and delicate workmanship, filled with every variety of birds — birds which he said he had tamed himself: and such was his power over them, I have heard brother say, that if he let them out in the air, they were sure to return again to their cages.

"Then in one corner of this apartment were four of the most beautiful little white mice; and he had a number of tame squirrels, too, in another part, and every thing was kept in the nicest order; even the pet cat had a little silken bed. They say he gave a bright lad quite a salary for taking care of this room.

"For seven years he kept his coffin in the cellar, and used often to take visitors down there to see it. He had the little room in which you went to-day all draped with black velvet, so that it looked the very picture of gloom; and how he could enjoy himself as he really appeared to, sitting down there like a monk in his cloister, I never

could tell, especially when he so delighted in the bright and beautiful. The room in which were the birds was decorated with all kinds of ever-greens, festooned against the walls, and hanging from the ceiling. It looked to me like a fairy-palace.

“In another room, in a glass-case, there hung a skeleton; and on the table were skulls and bones, while the shelves on every side were lined with minerals and fossils, and dead birds and insects. He was a very studious old man.

“When he was dying, I have heard my brother say, although suffering from the most exquisite agony, he would not lie on his bed, but constantly kept two persons supporting him, while he dragged his slow and feeble foot-steps across the floor.

“A little before he died, he ordered his coffin to be brought up-stairs and placed by his side; and he would occasionally move toward it and look within it. How far this fortified him to meet the dread king of terrors, I do not know. It is said he breathed his last with religious composure, and with the name of the SAVIOUR upon his lips.”

We are glad to perceive that this little volume, beautiful in its dress of cerulean blue and spotlessly white paper, promises to be a precursor of other and kindred sketches. That it will prepare the way for their ready reception by the public is but a matter of very reasonable presumption.

SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN THE SEMI-ALPINE REGION OF THE OZARK MOUNTAINS OF Missouri and Arkansas. By HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT. In one volume: pp. 256. Philadelphia: LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO AND COMPANY.

THE region of which this work treats was first traversed by De Soto in 1541; and the adventures here described comprehended the first exploratory efforts of our author in the great area of the West. He travelled the plains and mountain-elevations west of the Mississippi, which had once echoed the tramp of the squadrons of De Soto; he ranged over hills and through rugged defiles, which the great traveller had once searched in the hope of finding mines of gold and silver rivalling those of Mexico and Peru. The incidents of these explorations supply the first attempt to trace the track of the Spanish cavaliers west of the Mississippi. They were undertaken four-and-thirty years ago; and well may their author say that ‘They comprise a period of exciting and startling events in our history, social and political.’ With the occupancy of Oregon, the annexation of Texas, the discoveries in California, and the acquisition of New-Mexico, the very ends of the Union appear to have been turned about. The adventures of a traveller in a then remote frontier, it may well be assumed, have not lost their interest. The narrative is drawn up from the original manuscript journal, still in the possession of the author. Fragments only of it appeared in the New-York literary ‘Repository,’ in 1819, whence they were transferred by Sir RICHARD PHILLIPS to his collection of voyages and travels, published in London in 1821; a work which has never been republished in the United States. In making selections and revisions, Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT has availed himself of the advantage of subsequent observations on the spot, as well as of the suggestions and critical remarks made by men of judgment and science. Our author, in explanation of his title, remarks: ‘The term ‘Ozark’ is applied to a broad elevated district of highlands, running centrally from north to south through the States of Missouri and Arkansas. It has on its east the striking and deep alluvial tract of the Mississippi river, and on its west the woodless buffalo plains or deserts which stretch below the Rocky Mountains.’ The volume contains much and various information, is well printed, and illustrated by a few good engravings.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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*'Up the River, July.*

'TOWARD the close of day, I was just sitting under a piazza, marking the effects of light and shade upon the mountains, and the transformations of the golden-tinted clouds, which, in the transparent atmosphere of our clime, almost rival the glories of an Italian sun-set. The day had been warm and sultry, producing a nerveless lassitude, an inattention of duty, and a neglect of dress; and from the mere exertion to pump up some kind of feeling, without coat, without collar, with a head dripping wet from having just plunged it to the bottom of a bucket of cool water, desiring to see no body, I was reading over the engrossing pages of LEWIS's novel, or rather melodrama, called 'The Monk,' a production spoiled by indecency, diablerie, and blue-fire, and only fit for adult people. From the monk, as depicted in the romance, I kept turning my eye perpetually toward a *cowled* mountain (no pun is intended) which I have called *The Monk*; and from the nun AGNES to a pinnacle which, in winter-time, when it was enwrapped in a garment of chaste snows, I took a fancy to christen *The Nun*. Presently, as the shades thickened, the bad print of the book became no longer discernible; and looking up, the star of eve, with its soft and unblemished light, appeared alone in the heavens. I heard the faint hum which marks the close of day proceeding from the distant barn-yards, and the farmers driving the cattle home, and the whip-poor-wills in the meadows began their evening-song. If we have no nightingales in our climate, this bird is no bad substitute; and if we have no larks in the morning, the bobolink sings sweetly and perpetually upon the wing. As to Bull-frog, his croakings are abated; and as to Katy-did, his lamentations about the broken bottle have not yet begun. The night was very still; only now and then was heard by the lovers of melody the infinitely fine music produced by the tiny wings of the mosquito beating the air, and which really seemed to be a BELLINI melody, blown through the fragile trumpet of his proboscis. To those whose ears and tempers are attuned rightly, this music, pursued from high to low, or low to high, through the marvellously-ascending or descending scale of the gamut, would almost appear suited to dilettanti spirits, and as if produced by a detachment from Queen MAN's orchestra. It would be totally lost in the midst of vulgar noises; but its attenuated notes are wafted, in all their delicate subtleness, to those who

recline in arm-chairs, repose on couches, and who are lulling themselves to repose. I have often and often admired them when just on the verge of sleep, and been recalled by them, from the land of shadows. How beautiful is their 'Hum-Waltz,' and their 'Teaze-Polka,' and their 'Sing-sing Requiem;' enough to make you clap your hands until the blood flows! And when I have seen them after death, mashed flat in their embalment upon a white-washed wall, I think of that sentiment of KIRKE WHITE, if I remember rightly:

'Music past is obsolete.'

In a short time the shades of evening fast prevailed; and the lone star, so serene in lustre, was succeeded by the whole splendid galaxy; and I marked the course of the Milky-Way; and the big, round moon, which always seemed to me very skull-like, rose slowly, almost sluggishly, over the mountains; and before I thought that the night was far advanced, the clock struck ten. Which do you like best, the long days or the long nights? I am equally balanced in my own mind between the love of summer and winter; but I think that our clime is the most happy, where there are four seasons of the year, and they roll round in just succession. I can make no choice, but enjoy them all equally, because they relieve each other, and afford a pleasing variety. There is no monotony so dreary as that of perpetual sun-shine and summer; but if I ever feel a sadness, it is when the days begin to get long in March, and the delightful early-blazing fire-side has become cold. If you live according to nature and to the clime in which you are born, when the days are long, you will go to bed early, and when they are short, you will sit up late. But artificial habits turn the laws of nature topsy-turvy. I cannot prevail upon myself to go to sleep during these heavenly nights; and during winter the charms of social converse keep one up unnaturally late. It is hard to tell which to like best, the long days or the long nights. But I was enamoured of *this* night very much; for when the clock struck twelve, I was still sitting on the piazza looking at the stars, enjoying the hum of the mosquitoes, smoking a segar, and observing the multitude of lightning-bugs, who appeared like stars in a lower firmament, and as they flapped their wings, threatened to set the hay-cocks on fire. Last evening, I observed a young girl, dressed in white, walking on the edge of the meadows, carrying two pails of white maple filled with still whiter milk, for she had just performed her evening task of milking the cows in my neighbor's barn-yard; and as the lightning-bugs flitted around her, she seemed to have on a splendid ball-room attire, spangled with stars.

'While drawing the last puffs from the aforesaid cigar, thinking that it was high time to go to bed and to sleep, for the clock tolled one, (the Yankee clock in my kitchen,) and presently the factory-bell at Matteawan, three miles off, sounded the same hour of night through the mountain-défilés, I observed an animal half white, half black, first pressing itself under the large gate, then stealing about along the edges of the fence among my enclosures very stealthily; then hopping and skipping at the base of the hay-cocks. I could not exactly make out what it was. Its motions were exceedingly agile, and as the moon's quiet beams were shining down upon the grass, it looked as if it might be a leopard, a sly fox, a fawn, a small gray-hound, a stray lamb, a rabbit, a dear little deer—I knew not what. I retreated

hastily, set the end of another segar on fire, sat down and watched the motions of this strange animal. In the first place, I could not make out how large it was, as the light was so deceptive; I could only detect that it was variegated with white and black spots. I knew not whether it were a harmless creature or a ferocious wild-cat from the neighboring woods; but its motions were exceedingly graceful, hopping, and skipping, and playing in the moon-beams, and I conjectured that, however savage might be its real nature, it was but a cub, and that there would be no real danger in running out upon the lawn and seizing it by the neck. Thinks I to myself, 'I will do it.' But just at that moment, the black and-white spotted animal leaped upon the stone-fence, and with the swiftness of lightning ran for about twenty yards along it among the poison-vines and briers which grew over it, and appearing as it did in strong relief, it appeared to be of the size of a half-grown fox; and I decided to let it alone, and to remain stationary. For a half an hour I watched it with much curiosity in a state of suspense, not knowing what to make of it. Presently, crawling along on the grass to the foot of an apple-tree, it ran half way up the trunk, turned its head around, looked down, and so remained clutching the bark. 'Can this be,' thought I, 'a racoon?' I had scarcely conceived the idea, when, going at once into the house, I opened the drawer of a bureau, drew out an old pistol, put into the barrel a pinch of powder and a few shot, and returned to search for the 'coon. He was gone. In vain did I look for him along the stone-fence, and around the house-corners, in the garden among the goose-berry bushes and the currants; but going under the shed, I saw something white. I pulled back the trigger, put a little powder in the pan, for I had not any patent pistol, saw something move, took aim, when suddenly my heart quite failed me. 'Dear me!' said I to myself, 'can this be a pole-cat?' The thought seemed feasible, for several times I had been in most dangerous propinquity to these unpleasant animals. I knew that the prevalent colors which they hung out were black and white, and, moreover, that they much abounded in these regions. It was enough. I retreated in excellent order, uncocked the pistol, and again sat down on the piazza, watching the moon as she waded through the sombre clouds, brushing off an occasional mosquito, and thinking of the just-published poems of ALEXANDER SMITH. Was ALEXANDER a real poet? From reading many extracts of his verses I inclined to favor the opinion that he was, although he has not yet written a perfect poem. But he is a very young man, and if he does not write one, he will very much disappoint the richness of his early promise. The mere fact that his name is SMITH affords no reason why he should not be a distinguished author, for several persons with that cognomen have become renowned in the ranks of literature. The works of SIDNEY SMITH are well known, spiced as they are with wit, although he makes no pretension to poetry, and perhaps one of the most noted poems of the language on the pleasant theme of May-Day —

'But I must return to the animal.

'It again appeared in sight, emerging from some loop-hole in the fence or the hedge, coming out from the high grass or the concealment of the stone-wall upon the open lawn, and from hillock to hillock lightly leaping with the fleeting movement of a shadow. It teased me so by the distance at which it kept from the door in the performance of its fanciful gyrations, that I

resolved that it would be safe to take a pistol-shot or two at it from a distance, and with the thought again seized the pistol, re-primed, took aim, when off went the little skulker into a bush. When it appeared again, my intention was changed, for it came jumping in a direct line to the place where I sat, waving its tail, which was burred with chocolate-colored rings, rubbing its sides against the boards, putting out its front paws, and drawing them back again with fantastic playfulness; and then I saw that it was not a wild-cat or a pole-cat, but a young kitten. It slipped by me, and, faintly mewing, ran into the house, and although several times put out, returned again as if desiring to seek a home. Since the loss of my canary, I have a sworn antipathy to cats. Though interesting at the period of mewing kittenhood, when fully grown they are skulking and unaffectionate, domesticated and yet not domestic; in old age morose, vagabond, and cruel. The other day I met my friend LEMON in the city, and the first question which he asked was about the canary which he had given me. When he learned the fate thereof, he was displeased, saying that it was a gift; that there was no excuse; that I ought to have taken better care of it; and that it was one of the most promising birds in the United States.

'JULY 4.—I passed the fourth of July again this year in the meekest seclusion, and except the booming of the distant guns, when the glorious day was ushered in, heard no sound but the whispering breeze among the tree-branches, and suffered no inconvenience from the smell of gun-powder. I detest the use of Chinese crackers, and for one, would neither instruct nor indulge children in celebrating the anniversary by an unmeaning rocket. The unceasing waste of ammunition from sun-rise to sun-set is simply annoying to all people who have come to years of discretion, and is unworthy of young American citizens. To say nothing of blown-off thumbs and fingers, and of eradicated eye-balls, if the Republic should endure for a few hundred years—and who can doubt that it will?—*'esto perpetua'*—more waste of life will ensue from fourth-of-July celebrations than was incurred in the whole course of the Revolution. However rash it may be to run counter to popular custom or prejudice, the indiscriminate firing of guns, crackers, pistols, muskets, and arquebuses, in all streets, places, lanes, and alleys, in the ears of pedestrians, and before the houses of sick people, is opposed to common sense, good feeling, and good breeding. It is also in direct violation of municipal laws and regulations, which are duly posted up in all towns and cities, and which ought to be enforced, if officers have a sense of their own dignity. Do they affix the laws to the pillars, that the populace may sneer at those who made them, and laugh in their sleeves at those who never intend to enforce them? Gun-powder will lose all respect if it is in the hands of every body. It ought to be confined strictly in magazines, and let out by safety-valves through the muskets of true sportsmen, or of authorized artillery-men, only as need may require, and according to strict license. This is using gun-powder as not abusing it. Far be it from me to desire any cold and heartless recognition of this inspiring anniversary; to have it ushered in or to let it go out in such a way as would suit the ideas of a few formal philosophers; to devote it only to prayers and preaching, to the sleepiness of an England Sunday, or to the eating of a New-England thanksgiving. Let it be announced regu-



larly with the discharge of cannon, with the pomp of war, and with the movement of the 'peoples;' let the folds of the star-spangled banner be every where let loose over the masses who are collected to celebrate it; and while all men are freed from labor, let the young and the old rejoice together until the set of sun, in a universal holiday.

F. W. S.

### The Century Papers.

THE remarks which ensue, upon '*The Paintings of John Kensett*,' are segregated from a paper on '*Our Landscape Artists*,' of which the first article appeared in a recent number of '*The Century Papers*.' They do not profess to be profound, nor does the writer claim to be a better judge of pictures than the mass of his readers. It is one of the chief characteristics, fortunately, of the distinguished landscape-artist here treated of, that his paintings tell *their own* story, and his style illustrates *itself*, without the necessity of other interpretation to even the most uneducated observer. NATURE is his mistress, and no artist of our acquaintance follows her more faithfully, or worships her more sincerely:

'AMONG the artists of our country, MR. KENSETT occupies a distinguished position. It has been to all of us a source of sincere pleasure to mark, from year to year, the advance which he has made in his profession. Every year renews the assurance of his faithful and arduous labors in the study of nature. The results of the diligent search for those silent beauties which have accompanied his toil, are from time to time presented to the public; and their reception is a satisfactory confirmation of their claims upon the general admiration.

'It is but a few years since MR. KENSETT became known to the admirers of art by the exhibition of those close studies of nature which gave the highest promise of future excellence. These studies, characterized by great truthfulness of detail, in which the actual scene—some quiet rocky ravine, with its tangled and intricately-involved vegetable forms, roots of trees and climbing vines—was represented with marvellous exactness of detail, indicated a closeness of observation and a patient industry which excited the highest praise.

'He seems to have a constitutional fondness for these shaded recesses whose cool, moist atmosphere and sombre shadows and solitudes he has haunted with the earnest and quiet devotion of a nature-loving artist. In these scenes, which are the actual portraits of nature, his delineation of rocks and rock-forms commanded great admiration. It would be difficult to name an artist who has excelled him in a more faithful representation of these forms, and who has exhibited for them a finer and truer feeling. It has been objected to him that his rocks are cold and granite-colored, and that they are deficient in hardness of texture; but, in their forms and adaptation to surrounding objects, and in their propriety and suitableness to the scenes about them, they are almost unrivalled. This class of pictures, however, does not possess qualities capable of affecting the mind with any deep or serious feeling, or suggesting any exciting emotion to the heart or imagination. They are admired as *art*, and as illustrative of the skill and industry of the artist. These works, although representing as they do the striking characteristics of MR. KENSETT's power of truthful delineation, are not those upon which he would rest entirely his claims upon the public admiration. His more extended landscapes, which afford him a wider scope for his powers and a fairer field upon which to exhibit them, are those to which his industry and ambition have been latterly more prominently directed; and it is to these that we must turn as examples of his genius and power as a landscape-painter.



'Mr. KENSSETT is generally happy in his choice of subjects, and equally so in his perception and selection of the best points from which to take his view. Possessing fine taste, he realizes at once the characteristic features and beauties of a landscape, and lays out his designs and plans with regard to it, with true feeling and an artistic comprehension of its various points of excellence. His pictures possess a uniformity of good qualities, and, we may add, of good temper and feeling, and there is a charm in their quiet and modest tone which satisfies us that they are the works of no common hand.

'Yet Mr. KENSSETT is no enthusiast. His pictures are rarely imaginative. They are the portraits of what he has seen, not visions of his fancy. He rarely paints sunny landscapes; they are generally either cool or cold. His color is chaste, harmonious, and pleasing; but in endeavoring to avoid positive color, he falls into the other extreme of a want of color; hence his pictures are not sunny; his lights seem to come from a clouded sky or a feeble sun-shine. The gray tones, to which he seems partial, too generally prevail both in the sky and in the distant objects of his pictures; yet, as we have already remarked, there is a harmony and consistency in them throughout which produce a highly favorable and agreeable impression on the mind of the observer. The merit of his color does not consist in what may be termed a fine quality of color, but in a color far removed from any thing offensive to the keenest and most fastidious eye.

'What we remarked of Mr. DURAND's timidity in his lights and shadows, we may justly apply to Mr. KENSSETT with regard to his *colors*; he seems afraid or unwilling to use those that are *positive*; weakening or subduing them by mixture with other colors. These faults, if faults they be, are constitutional with Mr. KENSSETT. He seems to have a natural fondness for those cool, gray tones which, although they deprive his pictures of that brilliancy so attractive to the popular eye, invest them, notwithstanding, with a quiet and subdued feeling that will always make them agreeable, being far removed from exaggeration or strained effect. His pictures, as we have remarked, are of *uniform* excellence. He is never mediocre, but is always true to himself; never neglecting his work, or giving it to the world without the most faithful exertion of his power to produce the happiest and best impression. In that appealing sentiment which touches the heart and arouses the sensibility we think him deficient; still, he is never tame; is full of grace, and beauty, and truth; and wins the judgment if he fails to fascinate the imagination. He seems to be too fond of sprinkling about his pictures the flickering lights which are to be seen in our walks in nature, but which, carried too far, tend to break up the breadth of his effects.

'Notwithstanding all that has been said, Mr. KENSSETT's pictures always attract attention, and it is only necessary to listen to the observations of those who centre around the places in the gallery where his landscapes are hung, to be convinced that they possess those attractive qualities which please the public taste and draw forth the warmest commendation and praise. If his pictures, in the eye of acute criticism, are deficient in that genial warmth and glow of sun-shine which delight the eye, they possess a charming grace, and a chaste and quiet spirit of beauty, which leave an impression of pleasure on every mind.

'We have not deemed it important at this time to refer to any of the particular paintings of Mr. KENSSETT, to confirm the truth of our remarks. They are too well known and have been too closely observed to render such reference necessary. That he has worked faithfully, laboriously, and successfully, and obtained a proud position among the landscape-painters of his country, it is a pleasure to us to acknowledge. He occupies no equivocal place among them, and has won it by the exertion of his best faculties, and by a true devotion to his noble art. There are many years of fruitful and, we trust, of prosperous labor before him, in which to achieve a higher fame, and through which he may multiply the treasures of his country—treasures that are the country's glory and the true basis of its renown.'

THERE is an exuberance of melodious versification in the following, which

will remind the reader of 'BLONDINE,' by WILLIAM NORTH, Esq., published in this Magazine several months ago :

ONCE I spake to PHILEMON, my Demon,  
Who dwells by the 'arrowy Rhone,'  
In a voice like ANTIGONE'S HEMON,  
In the same multitudinous moan :  
'Oh! tell me, oh! tell me, PHILEMON,  
Where the Spirit of Beauty is born!  
On the peaks of the perilous Andes?  
On the faithless and fearless Cape Horn?  
In the blending of evening's descending,  
In the dawning of dewy-eyed Morn;  
In the web of PENELOPE'S sorrow,  
In the notes of harmonious horn;  
In suspense that awaits thee to-morrow,  
In the rustle of RUTH through the corn?  
Oh! tell me, I charge thee, PHILEMON,  
Where the Spirit of Beauty is born!

'Does it writhe in LAOCOON'S struggle?  
Does it brighten in Infancy's smile?  
Does it sound in the music of Memnon?  
Does it float on the Lotos of Nile?  
Does it shine on the star-spangled banner,  
As it floats o'er the home of the brave?  
In the dagger of ARISTOGEITON,  
In the willows of BONAPARTE'S grave?  
Does it shout in the conflict of freemen?  
Does it wind with Cocytus or Styx?  
Does it come to the canvas of C—PS—Y?  
Does it perch on the palette of H—CKS?  
Does it smile from the rocks of J—K—NS—TT?  
Does it weep with fair ELLEN of Lorn?  
Oh! tell me, I pray thee, PHILEMON,  
Where the Spirit of Beauty is born!'

Then answered PHILEMON the Demon,  
Who dwelt by the 'arrowy Rhone,'  
In a voice like ANTIGONE'S HEMON,  
In the same multitudinous moan :  
'Not alone on the peaks of the Andes;  
Not alone on the crest of Cape Horn;  
Not alone in the Tropic of Cancer,  
Nor the Tropic of Capricorn :  
But in union of soul and of nature  
The Spirit of Beauty is born :  
In this mystic and mixed generation,  
In this union of 'all creation,'  
THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY IS BORN.

'It is not in the rays of the morning,  
It is not on Mont Blanc's snowy tips :  
But 'tis born when those glittering summits  
Are kissed by APOLLO'S hot lips.  
It is not in the swan on the water,  
It is not in its shadow below,  
But in union of swan and of shadow  
Is born the Parnassian glow.  
It is not in the leap of the salmon,  
As he rises in foam from the seas;  
It is not in the green peas of April,  
But in union of salmon and peas.  
It is not in the pearly-shelled oyster,  
Nor alone in the poet to view :  
But 'tis born when the poet, at DOWNING'S,  
Has swallowed a dozen or two.  
It is not when the notes of enchantment  
Are blown on harmonious horn,  
But when calleth the horn unto dinner,  
That the Spirit of Beauty is born.

Not alone when the rooms of the club-house  
 Are silent as Tara's high hall,  
 When the Century's members are scattered  
 In the purlieus of Broadway and Wall;  
 But on Wednesday and Saturday even,  
 In the union of laughter and lunch:  
 In the union of *Negus* and knowledge,  
 In the mingling of punning and punch;  
 When gentlemen all are declining  
 'To return to their homes till the morn:.'  
 'T is then, in its noblest creation,  
 That the Spirit of Beauty is born.'

Thus answered PHILEMON the Demon,  
 Who dwelt by the 'arrowy Rhone,'  
 In a voice like ANTIGONE's HÆMON,  
 In the same multitudinous moan:  
 And he said: 'You have now got an answer  
 Which you now may digest, if you can, Sir;  
 But thrash me you may with a flail, Sir,  
 If you can make out head or tail, Sir —  
 If you can make out tail or head, Sir,  
 Of what PHILEMON has said, Sir.  
 But,' continued the Demon uncivil,  
 'Though startling the question may be,  
 May I ask you, What in the D —  
 Dost thou with the Spirit of Beauty,  
 Or the Spirit of Beauty with thee?

'Depart, thou inveterate joker!  
 Tear off that conventional choker!  
 Begone to the *Vale of Avoca*,  
 To play the double-decked poker!  
 'T is fit occupation for thee.  
 What dost thou with our truths transcendental?  
 What dost thou with our whims sentimental?  
 With Parnassian fancies or airs?  
 But this I will tell thee in warning,  
 Lest fate knock thee down unawares:  
 If e'er to the Vale of Chamouni  
 Thou comest to question, *thou Spooney*,  
 Be assured that PHILEMON the Demon  
 Will certainly kick thee down stairs:  
 And you 'll find it no fanciful story,  
 When, lifted '*à posteriori*,  
 With the Spirit of Beauty before ye,  
 You sit at the foot of the stairs!'

VERBAL PHRASEOLOGY 'OUT WEST.' — 'A singular advertisement,' says a Wisconsin friend, 'attracted my notice a few days ago, which seemed so entirely original, and withal so 'western' in its sentiment and expression, that I cannot forbear sending it to the KNICKERBOCKER. It appears that some speculator has conceived the bold idea of building a city in Wisconsin, and owning it all himself; an undertaking which will certainly pay when it is successful. The gentleman's advertisement closed up with a paragraph like the following: 'The town of — and surrounding country is the most beautiful the God of Nature ever made. The scenery is celestial — divine; also, two wagons to sell, and a yoke of steers.' About as rapid a descent from the poetical to the practical as is manifested by young eastern merchants who get married and come out West on what they call '*a wedding and collecting tour*.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'BEVERLEY' enforces, in the following, lessons of truth which are worthy the heedful perusal of every parent: 'I brought home the *'Fairy Ring'* for the little ones not long ago; and as I watched the intense earnestness, 'the fearful ecstasy' with which they hung over its tales of legendary lore, I could not help coveting that freshness of soul, that implicit faith belonging to sweet childhood; and repeating to myself those beautiful lines of CLARE:

'O SPIRIT of the days gone by,  
Sweet childhood's fearful ecstasy!  
The witching spell of winter night —  
Where are they fled with their delight?  
When listening on the corner seat,  
The winter evening's length to cheat,  
I heard my mother's memory tell  
Tales superstition loved so well:  
Things said or sung a thousand times  
In simple prose or simple rhymes:  
Ah! where is page of poesy  
So sweet as they were wont to be?  
The magic wonders that deceived,  
When fictions were as truths believed;  
The fairy feats that once prevailed,  
Told to delight, and never failed —  
Where are they now? Their fears and sighs,  
And tears from founts of happy eyes —  
I see them oft, but feel them not,  
For poesy has its youth forgot.  
I hear them told to children still,  
But fear numbs not my spirit's chill.  
I still see faces, pale with dread,  
While mine would laugh at what is said:  
See tears imagined woes supply,  
While mine with real cares are dry.  
Where are they gone — the joys, the fears,  
The links, the life of other years?'

'I often amuse myself by inventing tales that out-do the wondrous tale of ALROY, stuffed full of fairies, genii, gnomes, and all those fanciful creatures of the imagination, for the amusement of 'the wee ones' these long winter evenings. There is one bright-eyed little girl whose soul is in her eyes on such occasions, and who watches me with such a nervous intensity, as if she really expected to see a fairy peep over my shoulder, or a gnome rise up from the floor at her feet. I often have serious doubts whether it is altogether right to touch the sympathetic chord so often that vibrates in that living little heart to all such tales of romance and of wild weird things. The proper cultivation of the imagination is a fearful responsibility: upon its proper training may depend the happiness or misery of a life. In early childhood the imaginative principle is developed by kindly nature in advance of the rational: a stick placed between the legs of the frolicsome boy becomes a horse: a wisp of grass, or a stone drawn along at the end of a string, is a cart. The doll and the hobby derive their value to the happy child solely from their power of investing it with spirit and life. The child's ways and sports have all a hidden meaning, drawn from its lively fancy; and the earnest eye and parted lip of the young listener to some tale of fairy lore, or some simple ballad, celebrating the pranks of ROBIN GOODFELLOW, or the woes and

leaf-burial of the sweet babes in the woods, attest the vivid sense of the real presence which the tale inspires. Who does not remember with what intense delight he first heard or perused the life and adventures of little Cock Robin, or, advancing onward, the deeds of the 'Merry Archer of Sherwood?' Who can ever forget the scenes of enchantment that first burst upon him from the wondering pages of *The Arabian Nights*; at times chilling his young life-blood with terror, and then entrancing his imagination with some gorgeous scene of magnificence and grandeur? How careful, then, should we be in childhood to keep under proper restraint this most important faculty, not to crush its life out by rudely and cruelly forbidding its indulgence, making men and women of our children, hardening their hearts and blunting their sympathies in advance, but placing it under proper and judicious training, that it may cast the sun-light of love over the life-path, and fill with genuine sympathies the young and tender heart.' - - - 'COLONEL ———,' writes 'R. J.,' 'was appointed by General HARRISON, minister to Russia. The Colonel spoke abominable French, with a worse Kentucky accent. Believing French to be his *forte*, he would answer in that language, with all the air of a diplomat, every question asked him in English. One day, at a grand levee at the Winter-Palace, one of the empresses' ladies-in-waiting asked him in English how long he had been in Europe. He replied in French: 'I was an *ass* in Paris, part of an *ass* in London, almost an *ass* in Germany, and I am two *asses* here!' 'And you will be an ass wherever you go,' said the maid-of-honor, in French. The words year and ass, in French, are pronounced *almost* the same. The above I heard from a Russian who was present, and who assured me that it was 'founded.' - - - In company with our trusty and well-beloved 'Up-River' friend, we made a visit to Sing-Sing the other morning, being mainly moved thereto by a wish, 'on the part of the party of the first part,' to visit the State-Prison, which he had not before inspected. We were received with much courtesy, and treated with kind attention, by Mr. ANDREWS, the warden, who is evidently the very man for the responsible post which he holds. We have on several occasions visited the prison before, and when it was well kept; but we never remember to have seen it cleaner, nor the convicts more comparatively cheerful and perfectly orderly, than on the present visit. They seemed to us, engaged in their various shops, to be working, as it is termed, 'with a will;' as much so, we could n't help thinking at the time, as a similar number of persons engaged in a metropolitan factory. After passing hurriedly through the male-prison, we were escorted to the female-prison, on an eminence near by, and within the domain of the prison-guard; pausing on the way to take a look at the 'armory,' a formidable collection of highly-polished muskets, always kept loaded, in order to 'persuade' such prisoners as may take a fancy to the outside of the walls, to place themselves inside of the same 'before it should begin to *hail*.' The matron of the prison, a lady of quiet, self-possessed manners, but with evidences of the influence of a large 'organ of order' in the appearance of every thing about the prison, accompanied us through its different apartments and cells. It was a sad, and yet, on reflection, not an unpleasant sight either, to find little children, babes, born of unfortunate mothers in the prison, tottling about the yard, or sleeping in the prison-

nursery. One of these, a wee-bit brown child of three years, was evidently a great favorite ; with its curly hair, its large, lustrous black eyes and small mouth, and its little 'winning ways,' it had won the admiration, if not affection, of all who came in contact with it. The females' cells, decorated with pictures and paper-flowers, and scrupulously neat, were objects of admiring remark. There is a taste, a refinement in 'the sex,' left free to its own exercise, which *no* condition can wholly destroy. - - - WOULD that our readers could see the hand-writing (if such a scrawl could ever have been 'done by hand') of certain *'Lines composed on Death of WILLIAM W. D——, M—— city, Tenn.,'* which have been sent us by a friend in Tennessee. But as that is impossible, we must commend them to admiration for other qualities. 'Sing the first four verses : irregular metre :'

• 'DEATH is often a sudden call —  
It has no respect of people at all ;  
For WILLIAM D——, as you shall see,  
By lightning was brought to eternity.

'It was an awful sight to behold,  
To see a man laid dead and cold —  
As but yesterday worked hard to gain  
Something his family to sustain.

'From his bed he walked unto the door,  
And by a flash was laid to the floor ;  
As all his friends stood weeping round  
He was conveyed into the ground.

'A more honest man I never saw,  
A strict abider by the law ;  
Industrious, upright, and obliging too,  
In all his acts he went to do.'

The subject of this tribute we have no doubt was all that is here represented. His character was good—but this poetry is bad. - - - It strikes us oddly enough, oftentimes, to hear common sayings applied in an uncommon way to things to which they are not 'uncommonly' applicable. For example : we heard a young man on board a Hudson-river steamer the other day, who was puffing away at a villanous 'long-nine' cigar, ('nine inches long, and nine for a cent,') which would not 'stay' ignited, observe : 'There's a *screw loose* somewhere about this cigar : ' at the same time taking it out of his mouth, depositing a huge 'blob' of tobacco-saliva on the deck at our feet, and picking at the dark smouldering end of the dingy tube. There *might* have been 'screws' in it, however. It looked very much like a machine-cigar, worked by steam-power. - - - It will be good news to those old KNICKERBOCKERS among our readers who, at least once a year, at the anniversaries of our good old SAINT NICHOLAS, quaff moderate potations of iced gin-punch, to hear that Messrs. CAMPBELL BROTHERS, at number Four, Pine-street, in this city, have organized a house for the importation and sale of the staple productions of Holland and its colonies, and especially of a superior article of GIN, known as the *Club-House Gin*, of which they are the exclusive owners and importers. This gin is of a quality heretofore unknown in commerce, being the spirit in its finest condition and flavor, such as is used in the first club-houses in Holland, and is expressly made for them under the superintendence of our friend WILLIAM S. CAMPBELL, established for many years in Rotterdam ; and it can be confidently recommended—and particularly to those who use it medicinally—as an article that only requires to be known, to be properly appreciated. It has already become very popular, and may be found in all the principal club-houses and hotels of New-York, Philadelphia, and Washington. - - - 'The following interpretation of a scriptural text,' writes a country-friend, 'may not be new to you, who are doubtless well-read on 'doctrinal points.' It was rendered from the



pulpit of a beautiful little church in our vicinity a few weeks ago. A clergyman was giving an exposition of the sixteenth chapter of Acts. He thus disposed of the fourteenth verse, which has sometimes been deemed authority for the doctrine of 'Infant Baptism': 'I have always been accustomed to regard LYDIA as a most worthy, sensible '*old maid*,' having charge merely of a household of servants!'" - - - '*Cape May*,' by our too-infrequent correspondent, HENRY P. LELAND, Esq., is a most graphic description of the 'goings-on' at that multitudinous watering-place:

I.  
TRAVELLING CONFESSIONS.

'MEN were smoking and joking, or solemnly croaking,  
While up went the piston-rod, round went the wheels;  
Women, sitting or walking, were laughing and talking,  
While black boys and cooks were preparing the meals:  
Babies dying with crying, setting all your thoughts flying,  
While on went the steamer right straight down the bay:  
Some heeding their reading, some leading on feeding,  
While all the gay party were bound to Cape May.

II.  
FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

'HARK! the dashing and crashing, and smashing and lashing,  
While the breakers roll in on that surf-beaten shore:  
Coming rumbling and tumbling, and grumbling and stumbling,  
While one's head is near stunned by the thundering roar.  
Bathers in the surf teeming, deeming screaming quite seeming,  
While they buffet the wild waves, and toss in the spray,  
Are telling by yelling, what a felling the swelling —  
While the tide turns they're catching — on shore at Cape May.

III.  
LAST IMPRESSIONS.

'NOTE the wooing and cooing, and 'booing' that's doing,  
While you walk on the beach at the close of the day:  
(No denying it's trying — this soft eyeing and sighing,  
While a plump rounded arm on your own has a stay.)  
Thus, flirting and frolicking, bowling and rollicking,  
While the hot summer-weather is passing away;  
Every moment enjoying, your time you're employing,  
While your cooled by its breeze, to give praise to Cape May.'

THERE are three places of preëminent public resort in the metropolis 'at this present,' to which we propose to 'pay our respects' in a subsequent number. The first is the great *Crystal-Palace*; the second, *Latting's Tower*; and the third, *Frankenstein's Panorama of Niagara*, of which we hear the highest encomiums. The '*Evening Post*' (good authority in all matters of art) thus speaks of it:

'It is a very successful work of its kind. The panorama opens with a view of the cataract, seen at some distance through the window of a chamber in one of the hotels at Niagara. This has a fine effect. This picture is, however, but a drop-curtain; it is lifted, and the spectator is introduced to a view of the American Falls. He is then taken from one point of view to another, some near and some remote; he sees the American Falls, the Rapids, the Horse-shoe Falls, the Canada Falls in succession; he surveys them from the American shore, from the bridge leading to Goat Island, from Goat Island itself, from Table Rock, and from the steamer which makes its way up the agitated river through the mists at the foot of the Horse-shoe Falls. These scenes are all drawn with fidelity; their treatment is pleasing, and the transitions and contrasts are skilfully managed. The appearance, for example, of a scene of quiet and repose,

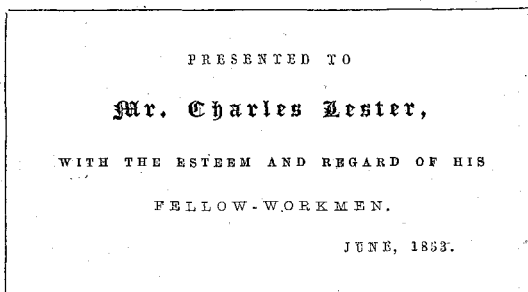
with still and transparent waters, following a scene in which the waters were shown in wild agitation, did not fail to call forth loud applause. The different aspects given to the scenery about the Falls by the changes of the seasons, are well rendered in the panorama. Some of the drawings were made in mid-winter, and have no less the air of perfect fidelity than the other parts of the exhibition. Mr. FRANKENSTEIN has made a successful hit in this panorama. It is exhibited at Hope Chapel in Broadway.'

Now this is the way we 'do' up in the ked'ntry at this 'season of the year:' Write a little while, looking out occasionally under the trees over the dark-green lawn, where 'Young Knick,' and his little sister are swinging, and off upon the Tappaan-Zee; then go out and drive down big bushes, evenly cut at the top, to support the 'tomatoes-es,' so that none of the branches, with their wealth of pale-green 'love-apples,' shall touch the ground; then hoe the corn, (Iowa-white, an esteemed present, that hung all winter long from the buck-horns in our town-sanctum,) which is now higher than our head by four inches; ditto the 'cowcumberries,' which are as fresh and brittle as the crispest radish. This done, write a little more. Then go up on the top of the house, and in the large terrace sit down and indulge in a very mild, free-smoking cigar; surveying the fleet of sloops and schooners passing each other on the lordly Hudson, their white sails glinting in the sun, or dark in shadow; or watch, what time.

'With trailing clouds of vapor do they come,'

the cars on the Hudson river rail-road, rushing to the Great Metropolis, filled with eager Crystal Palatians. *'That's the way to do it!'* - - - 'I WAS walking down the Levee some days ago with a young 'colored gemman,' intending to send him somewhere with some articles I was about to purchase. All along the Levee there are a great number of small retail, or, to use the local phrase, 'picayune,' stores, kept mainly by Israelites. These gentlemen have a disagreeable habit of stopping the passers-by and requesting them to bestow their patronage upon them. My darcy was politely stopped by one of them, as usual, and asked if he would n't have a hat, or a pair of boots, or 'something of the kind.' 'Well,' says Tom, 'I believe I'll take a hat. I want one any how, an' I mout as well git one here as any whar.' The hats were all tied upon a string, and hung down from a nail in the wall. The store-keeper whips out his knife, cuts off one of the hats, wraps it up in a piece of paper, and hands it to Tom with a profound bow and a satisfied grin: 'Dollar an' 'alf,' says he. 'T'ankee,' says Tom, putting the hat very coolly under his arm, and walking off with it. 'Eh! where my dollar an' 'alf? you blasted nigger!' cries Moses, pouncing upon the hat. 'Debbil!' says Tom; 'did ye *never* see sich a feller! Ax me if I take a hat, and when I say yes, and take de hat, and say 'T'ankee,' he jump 'pon me an' want his dollar an' 'alf! Hat no 'count no how; I'd a throwed it away any how: but did you d'ever *see* sich a feller?'—and off he walked, apparently in a great huff, but secretly dying to get somewhere where he might roar at pleasure. The Israelite, however, appeared a *little* out of temper. The breeze, laden with sugar and molasses, received an additional load as it passed by him, which just dropped off as it passed by me, and which must n't be repeated to ears polite.' - - - We record the following with sincere pleasure. Mr. LESTER, for many months, was the efficient and faithful 'foreman' upon the

KNICKERBOCKER; and to his watchful care and constant kindness we have been much indebted. He seemed to have a personal pride in the 'Old KNICK,' and never lost an opportunity to enhance its external graces. The testimonial here spoken of was equally honorable to the recipient and to the donors—as fine a 'set' of young gentlemen as you would find in a summer's day: 'The contributors to the *'Lester Testimonial'* met at the residence of Mr. A. A. STITT, and sat down to 'a feast of' sundries 'and a flow of' sherry, port, claret, and cognac. Mr. STITT was called to the chair, assisted by Mr. MARRAT, Vice. In the course of the evening, the Chairman, on behalf of the meeting, presented Mr. LESTER with a handsome watch and seals, bearing this inscription:



The presentation was accompanied by a suitable address, which was feelingly responded to by Mr. LESTER. The evening was enlivened by toasts, sentiments, songs, and speeches; and when 'the mirth and fun grew fast and furious,' and a portion of the company began to think of an adjournment, the Chairman again arose, and presented to Mr. LESTER's amiable consort, through him, an elegant gold ring; for which, on behalf of his 'better half,' Mr. LESTER returned his heart-felt thanks. More toasts, more speeches, more hilarity ensued. The evening, in all respects, was spent in a most happy manner, a most rational one, too; although the edibles and bibibles (the latter particularly) disappeared in a manner somewhat alarming to the uninitiated out-siders, of whom there was a number. No 'accident' of any kind occurred, and the 'ceremonies' closed at an early hour. The Chairman, speaking individually and sincerely, cannot refrain from saying, that never, in his experience, was a gift more cheerfully and heartfully tendered, nor received more feelingly than this. The gift was an out-birth of the spontaneous yet deep-seated feelings of the donors, and was accepted with a most just appreciation of the motives that actuated those who presented it.' - - - It is barely possible that the young gentleman who penned the following—we throw out the hint in the mildest form—might have had, at the time of its composition, building materials in his hat. He calls his bantling a *Life-Drama*, and in a brief preface observes: 'Since it is the fashion to write life-dramas, I see no reason why I shouldn't write mine:' and so he writes it:

'The moon was drunk: she reeled amid the clouds,  
Which seemed surcharged with brandy: the pale stars

Were underneath the table of the sky.  
 'Oysters!' I cried, and thundered at the door  
 Of obdurate JOHN KEEFE. But all was shut;  
 The door was barred: the waiters, where were they?  
 Do waiters ever sleep? I staggered on,  
 O'erwhelmed with bitterness: I reeled along  
 Down Broadway, like an old dismasted hull  
 That drifts upon the ocean; and I met  
 Phantoms or men, I know not: one there was,  
 Be-whiskered like a broom, who glared at me  
 With spectral gaze, as if he meant to say,  
 'I know you, or I knew you in the days  
 When earth was earthly:' but he passed along,  
 And two young rowdies with up-turned 'pants'  
 Went singing on their way. Methought their song  
 Spoke of one YANKEE DOODLE.

Then, in dull  
 And giddy desperation, I sat down  
 Upon the cold, hard side-walk's extreme verge,  
 And mused upon the past.

I saw myself  
 A little boy, and felt the stinging cane  
 Descend behind me; echoes murmured vaguely,  
 'Amo, amas'—and I beheld the third  
 Daughter of old JIM JONES, and like a flash  
 Of lightning in a theatre, found myself  
 In the old barn: our lips in union sweet  
 As tea to sugar, or as postage-stamp  
 To letter. Fatal, fatal, fatal day!  
 Which dark Misfortune, like a bird of evil,  
 O'er-shadowed with her wings! That eve we took  
 A walk beside the river, and in play,  
 Like butterfly, I chased my angel-dream,  
 When suddenly she fell, and — *broke her nose!*

'Wretch that I am! my craven soul could not  
 Get o'er the bridge of that most pitiful  
 Of broken noses. Had it been an arm,  
 Or leg, or *any thing but that!*  
 But wed a woman with a broken nose!  
 I could not do it—hence my long remorse,  
 And nights of *penance, brandy, and despair!*

W. N.

If we have been spoken to once, we have at least a hundred times, within the last week, to the following purport: 'Why, in the name of all that is neat and tasteful, did you send us your KNICKERBOCKER for July with its leaves uncut?—with ragged edges above, below, and at the side?—the KNICKERBOCKER, that for twenty years has reached us in its admirable dress, trimmed, and handsome, and convenient? What did you do it for? To make it look big?—or to make it look clumsy?—or to make it look ugly? You have added sixteen pages to your usual large amount of matter, which makes your Magazine larger than any of your contemporaries. If you didn't do it to make it look big, what *did* you do it for?' The answer to all this is easy. Somebody suggested to the publisher that 'it would be a *change*,' and so it *was*; but it was so universally scouted, and the numbers returned for 'the old style,' that it speedily became apparent that our subscribers 'sought no change, and least of all such change as *that* would give them.' No more numbers will go out untrimmed. Neatness, convenience, good taste, and grumbling subscribers, all forbid it. - - - A FEW years ago, a company was dispatched by 'UNCLE SAMUEL' to make a survey of the State of Illinois, and fix upon a location for an armory within its limits.

A certain town on the Mississippi was deemed (by its citizens) a very favorable point; and after presenting various petitions, they were at length cheered with the intelligence that the topographical gentlemen were on their way to examine the proposed site. The authorities of the town were anxious to prepare them a distinguished reception. In completing the arrangements, one of its principal features was made a speech from the President of the Board of Trustees, Colonel —, one of the prominent men of the place. His address having been written, he read it off to Mr. K —, a distinguished lawyer, who himself tells the story. After a proper and really beautiful allusion to the advantages of the proposed location, it was made abruptly to address the strangers in these terms: 'But, gentlemen, it is like *casting pearls before swine*, to point out these things to you!' He meant, of course, to say, that these advantages were so prominent that it was needless to portray them. 'Hold! hold, Colonel —,' cried K —; 'You are addressing the gentlemen from Washington—presenting your views, not inaptly represented 'pearls,' to strangers who thus occupy the place of' — 'Oh! the deuce!' interrupted our orator. '*It makes 'em swine*, don't it?' The old gentleman walked home with his speech, to give it a thorough revision. 'Two heads *are* better than one.' - - - It is a somewhat singular fact, that perhaps the best collection of paintings ever exhibited in this country, we owe to the enterprise of a single individual, who uses his surplus means in gratifying his own fine taste, and, at the same time, improving that of our citizens. Our city-readers may possibly infer that we allude to the beautiful collection known as the *Dusseldorf Gallery*, which has long been open on Broadway, between Spring and Prince-streets. We cannot refrain from saying a few words of the most attractive of these pictures. The largest and chief of the collection is LESSING's *Martyrdom of Huss*, a work which is a universal favorite, and which, if it were the only one exhibited, ought to attract all persons with any pretension to a taste for the fine arts. Until we view the appalling scene in which a brave, strong-hearted Christian is about to be offered, a holocaust to the stern, unrelenting genius of persecution, we can scarcely realize that such things have ever been. But the sad truth of the past 'iron age' is here vividly brought before us, and every one should see it, and thank God that our world is now blest with more and purer light, which is fast dispelling the night of bigotry and darkness that so recently enveloped so much of the Christian world. *The Adoration of the Magi* is the most remarkable painting we have ever seen. The light is so managed as to emanate from the infant REDEEMER; and as it plays upon the faces, hands, and arms of the groups around, the figures stand out with a boldness we do not remember ever to have noticed in any painting before. The same peculiarity is strikingly exhibited in the figures and drapery of the three angels represented as hovering over the place. *Diana and her Nymphs*, a new painting by Professor SOHN, now for the first time exhibited here, represents the Goddess of the Chase standing with four of her nymphs by the side of a brook in which they are about to bathe, when they are disturbed by an unwelcome intruder. The figures are the size of life, in all the richness of maiden loveliness, and the picture, as a whole, is very attractive. Another room has been opened to accommodate the additions lately made to

this gallery. The additions embrace some very fine paintings; and we would say to every lover of art whose business or pleasure may bring him to New-York, that he will miss one of the most delightful places to spend an evening, or a few hours of the day, if he leaves the city without visiting the 'DUSSELDORF GALLERY' exhibition. - - - PROFESSOR GILBERT SPHINX, teacher of the dead languages, director of a plank-road company, etc., etc., sends us the following veritable document 'all the way from' the county of Steuben: 'I was in the office of the attorney of the PULTENEY Estate (an estate belonging to the heirs of Sir WILLIAM PULTENEY in England) yesterday, and was there shown a specimen of 'pleading under the code,' of which I made for you a conscientious copy. The defendant, a Dutchman, was sued in ejectment, and appeared in the action in person. He sets up his equities as follows:

'THE Defendant for answer to pleinteffe complaint sys that ouer letcheslader half no rite to grant any such lalls do brevend the governmant land, do sel or disbose ouer coverment land do anny singel or sevrl indowituls or anny foren bouer. and but de mon in there one bockets and jete de bebel of de younited stats of amerreca incluting nuyork tate, and boltny state (Pulteney or Poullteney estate), Stuben county and town of weller. wich is not constadusianel for dis money is to but in ouer own trachere do bay ouer one younited states ex sbenses and gart ouer frontters to brevend forners to brack in and disstroy ouer covermend and set ob ther one laus and ther one covermend to the best of his knowledge and belief

'Sworn, etc.

CONRAD —'

'The above,' adds our friend, 'is *literatim* from the original. The last eight words were in the hand-writing of the officer before whom the verification was made.' - - - THERE is some humor in the lines entitled '*Noah's Ark*,' from our 'down-east' friend, but they are of very unequal merit. We segregate a passage or two for the amusement of our readers:

'Now when all things were thus complete, it rained without cessation;  
The people all then wished that *they* were NOAH's dear relations:  
But wishes were of no avail when on that subject founded,  
For NOAH would n't let them in, so they staid out, and 'drownded.'  
Now Captain NOAH steered the ark, his wife she did the cooking,  
And NOAH's sons took turns to watch, to keep the beasts from looking.  
They had been out about six days without an observation,  
When they descried a living man upon a curious station:  
Upon a mountain's top-most height a tree was firmly rooted;  
Upon that tree for precious life he with the floods disputed:  
And when he saw the ark come by, then were his hopes awakened;  
He thought he should a passage get — but here he was 'mistakened':  
Says NOAH: 'You cannot come on board, because my wife's not willing;  
And when I dare to cross her plans I get an awful drilling.'  
Then said the man: 'I'd sink you quick, if it was in my power;  
So go to grass with your old ark — 't is nothing but a shower.'  
They drifted on for forty days, and then it ceased a-raining,  
When, for the want of something fresh, the crew they got complaining.'

'One day they struck, and NOAH said: 'Now this is past endurance,  
For we have surely lost the ark, and not a cent insurance!'  
They tried in vain to get her off, but she was firmly stranded;  
So, waiting till the tide went down, their cargo there they landed.  
But soon the waters left the earth, and times looked quite alarming;  
And they would surely have starved to death had they not gone to farming.  
And to this very self-same man am I for life dependent,  
Because I spring direct from him, and am his true descendant.'



'*Not Much of Any Thing*' is the very modest and characteristic title of a series of rambling, discursive sketches about 'every thing,' which we find in the '*Chicago Weekly Journal*,' and which it is easy to trace to the facile pen of the writer who depicted '*The Old Garret*,' with other kindred 'passages,' which we have heretofore transferred to these pages. The title is certainly a misnomer. There is '*something*,' and a good deal of it, in these sketches; as may be gathered from the subjoined passages, taken almost at random from a stray number of the '*Journal*,' casually taken up at the publication-office. Our limner is depicting the changes which take place in a rapid transit over a rail-road at high speed:

'Did you ever creep gingerly up to the deck of a rail-way car, when the train was moving, say twenty-five or thirty miles an hour? And did you look away on beyond the train, where the two iron bars—that noblest couple in the great epic of the time—were welded lovingly together without hammer, or furnace, or fire, but just beneath the wonderful, invisible fingers of Distance, till they lay there, a huge V upon the bosom of the prairie? And how marvellously, as the train moved on, those stubborn bars swayed round to a parallel, as lightly and noiselessly as a brace of sun-beams, flung from a mirror swinging in the wanton wind, sweep round in the blue air? And did you 'mind'—not a spike wrenched from its good hold; not a tie *un-tied*; not a timber splintered? There *must* be a charm in those fingers, indeed!

'There now, a brood of little hay-cocks, escaped from their native meadow, have clustered down on the track, right before the engine. Heedless little things! But age will bring wisdom, and one of these days they'll be discreet hay-stacks, and not go a gossiping upon rail-road tracks. *Will* be! Why, they are *getting* to be stacks already. How they expand and 'get up in the world' as we near them! And they hear the train; for see, they are wheeling in a sort of KNICKERBOCKER waltz to the right and left, over the fence, and back of the barn, and beyond the orchard: and there they are, dignified and imperturbable as hay-stacks *ought* to be.

'And those little Bushes—a capital B, if they *are* bushes—exactly in the way, whispering and all of a flutter, dodging up here, and nestling down there, like truants in the 'entry' during school-hours. On thunders the train, and up jump the Bushes.

'Bushes indeed! TREES, forest-trees; trees of a century; columns in 'God's first temples.' The trees are on the track; growing on the track! On the track, eh? By the holy rood, they are *rods* away, just where they were before rail-ways were dreamed of.

'And the worker of all this *diablerie*! You can see the fluttering of her blue robe just there in the horizon. She has gone on to conjure again. It is DISTANCE!

'Stop the train! Let us off! Conductor, Captain, some body, any body!' There's a *village* on the track; born, christened, and grown since last night. There's a meeting-house, and a grave-yard, and a block of stores in the way! On we plunge—dispelled at the first whistle! The church moves gravely away, as churches *should*. The grave-yard, with its sleeping tenantry, is whisked out of sight like a trundle-bed; a martin-box of a cottage scuds round the corner of the meeting-house; the row of brick stores, very much flushed, steps six paces to the rear; the cars jar on, and Distance and Motion are in the secret.

'Look behind you, and they are adjusting the machinery for the next train. Back goes the village that had been frightened away by the whistle, and the stacks and the trees grow 'beautifully less;' and so it is every day, and all day, and every where, when Distance and Motion are partners. There's a something on the track again! It's a fly—it's a frog—it's a child—it's a *man*—six feet high—a P. M.—an M. C. On we go. We have passed him. We have left him. Five feet high—four feet high—a child—a frog—a bug—a *nothing*! What pranks Distance can play with man and his dignities, as the cars drive rattling on! Your D. D. is dwindled down; your P. M. is past minding: your C. is microscopic curiosity.'

The following thoughts on the '*Death of the Young*' occur in the same series:

'THE world is curved round about with heaven, and heaven never seems nearer than in June. Its great blue rafters bend low on every hand, and how one can get out of the world without getting into heaven is, to us, a physical mystery.

'Childhood enters life at the east, coming in, like a young swallow, beneath the eaves. He is 'little,' and stands erect under the low-curved roof. On he goes into the middle

of the world. How swells the dome above him, and Manhood is erect still. But 'westward, westward,' is the word; and by and by, he bends his head beneath the roof. They *say* he is old; that the weight of years is on him; that he is looking for a place to sleep, but it is only that he may *clear the rafters*. Low and lower does he bend, until, with form quite doubled, he creeps out just between heaven and earth, and is seen no more.

'Death is not afraid of the sun-shine, for he comes in June. The rustle of ten thousand leaves does not startle him; the breath of ten thousand flowers does not charm him away. Indeed, he *loves* flowers, for has not a dainty singer declared that he reaps

"The bearded grain at a breath,  
And the FLOWERS that grow between?"

'There's a house down in the valley—you can see it from my window—where, when they numbered their treasures, they said, and *kept* saying, 'three, three, three,' and there was melody in the monosyllable—a trinity of blessing in the 'three;' but DEATH was counting all the while, and 'one' he was numbering as his own; and *his* count—alas! for it—was the surest. One star fell from the blue air: it was heaven aloft still. One white rose drifted down to earth: it was summer all the same. And so—and so *what*? Philosophy may analyze a tear, but it cannot curve a hope in it; it cannot bid it 'exhale;' it may make the spectrum, but it cannot make a smile.'

Our juvenile 'subsection,' from correspondents 'all over,' must not be again deferred. The little incidents which ensue were 'laid over' from our last number:

THIS is of a little boy in Virginia: 'Long before he had learned the alphabet, his parents had made him familiar with the narrative portions of the BIBLE, which they were accustomed to read to him. One day he was permitted to have the old family-Bible to look at the pictures; and coming to the picture of 'DANIEL in the Lions' Den,' he gazed at it for a few minutes silently, then running to his mother, book in hand, he broke forth in an indignant tone: 'Mother, this Bible do n't tell the truth!' 'Why, my child, what makes you say so?' 'Why, mother, did n't you read to me that when DANIEL was thrown into the den, God *shut* the lions' mouths?—and see here, they are wide open!' The boy believed the picture, which he could see, rather than the text, which he could not read.'

'A FEW days ago, at the house of a friend, I said to a sweet little black-eyed creature of four years: 'My little girl, come to me.' 'I a' n't your little girl: I'm my mother's,' was the prompt reply. Presently she came up to me, and, in a tone which indicated sympathy, asked: 'Have n't you any little girl?' 'No.' 'Did n't you ever have any little girl?' 'No.' Then, after a thoughtful pause, she put the question, (which, like many childish interrogatories, was easier asked than answered,) 'Why did n't God make you a little girl?'

'REV. Mr. E——, a gentleman of fervent piety and commendable modesty, made an afternoon call in a family which consisted of a bright and beautiful girl of five summers, and another of some nine or ten weeks. The stately divine was ushered into the parlor, where he found three ladies and the children. In such company he could do no less than to relax his dignity to the extent of saying a few words to the elder daughter. So he went on thus: 'Well, ELLEN, you've now got a little sister! I think I shall take her home with me; I suppose you will interpose no objection?' No answer but a surly look met this proposition. 'You do n't want your little sister; you do n't love her; so I think I shall take her: I may, may n't I, ELLEN?' 'Yes,' said ELLEN, with a scornful and incredulous look: 'you may take her; but you do n't think you can *miss* her, do you?'

'A LITTLE semi-pagan, who for the first time was receiving some sort of religious instruction from a female friend whom he was visiting, found some difficulty in understanding that Sunday had any thing remarkable in it over any other day. At last, by dint of 'line upon line and precept upon precept,' he was made to comprehend some-

what the sanctity of the day. Unfortunately, however, soon after he began to understand things, coming from church one Sunday, he noticed the apothecary-shops open. His newly-acquired moral sense received a terrible shock, and he entered into a very orthodox denunciation of the unconscious compounders of simples. 'But,' he was told, 'the druggists *must* keep open on Sundays, so that the sick people can get medicine.' 'Why! do people get sick on Sunday?' 'Yes, just as on any other day.' 'Well, good people don't die on Sunday, do they?' 'Certainly!' 'How can that be? Does heaven keep open on Sunday?' It is needless to say that all farther grave conversation on the subject was impossible.'

'A CERTAIN Sunday-school teacher was in the practice of taking up a collection in his juvenile class for missionary objects every Sunday; and his box received scores of pennies which might otherwise have found their way to the drawers of the confectioner and toy-man. He was not a little surprised, however, one Sunday, to find a bank-bill crushed in among the weight of copper. He was not long in finding it to be of a broken bank; and on asking the class who put it there, the donor was soon pointed out to him by his class-mates, who had seen him deposit it, and thought it a very benevolent gift. 'Did n't you know that this bill was good for nothing?' said the teacher. 'Yes, answered the boy. 'Then what did you put it in the box for?' 'I did n't s'pose the *little heathen* would know the difference, and so it would be just as good for them.'

'LIKE all the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER, I have been interested in all you have to say about children. A little friend of mine, an only child, and a great pet, had been in the habit of repeating the LORD's prayer before going to sleep. His mother usually remained with him during the time. One evening, however, his father accompanied him to his room, and proposed to teach him another little prayer. It is necessary to explain that a servant in the family often went out into the country to a place called Preëmption, from the fact of the whole township having been preëmpted by Irish settlers; and the little fellow had heard wonderful accounts of Preëmption. When therefore his father wished him to repeat a certain child's prayer, he rubbed his sleepy eyes, and exclaimed in the midst of it: 'No, papa! I'd rather say, 'Do n't go to Preëmption!' *his way* of construing, 'Lead me not into temptation!'

A PERSON among the 'generality of mankind in general,' who exhibits peculiar taste in any particular pursuit, will, 'as a general rule,' show the same good taste and judgment in his other undertakings. We have a striking exemplification of this in the new rooms just opened at the corner of Broadway and Franklin-street by Mr. O. B. GOLDSMITH, long favorably known as a teacher of penmanship in this city. He has now the most magnificent suite of rooms ever opened for 'hand-of-write' instruction in this country. The furniture is exceedingly rich and beautiful, and the whole arrangement of the rooms, planned by Mr. GOLDSMITH, is all that could be desired for the convenience and privacy of his pupils. - - - At a dinner given in the month of May last, by the celebrated American banker, GEORGE PEABODY, in London, the young giant, Mr. DOUGLAS, of Illinois, was among the guests. During the evening, '*Young America*' was toasted by the host; to which, of course, Mr. DOUGLAS eloquently responded. Shortly afterward, to the astonishment, and not a little to the amusement of the guests, a rather young, unsophisticated American, who had been resident for a year or two in Paris, and had not kept himself posted up in the political affairs of his native country, rose, and, with some diffidence, addressed himself to Mr. PEABODY, stating that, although 'unaccustomed to public speaking,' he still felt him-

self called upon, as the youngest American present, to reply to the toast which had been given, and to thank Mr. PEABODY in the name of the class to which he had alluded. At first, no one exactly understood what he meant; but as light began gradually to dawn upon them, a general smile passed round. Who says now that 'Young America' is not a wonderful institution? - - - On, fellow-citizens, fellow-metropolitan citizens! do you know what you swallow when you drink Croton-water? Stop at Gothic-Hall, in Broadway, and see for yourselves! Male and female '*Branchiopoda*!' — '*Hirado*' and '*Tonia*!' — '*Ratifera*!' — '*Lumbrici*!' — and '*Little Beavers*!' all these you drink in every glass of Croton-water: the most horrid, awful-looking 'critters!' Buy a filter, and keep them out of your persons! Read the following poetry, full of feeling, which heads the advertisement. Nothing but '*Branchiopodas*,' gnawing at the poet's vitals, could ever have inspired such 'thrilling' verse:

'THE winding stream  
Languishes 'neath mid-summer's sun,  
And in its waters bask the reptile venomous;  
And numbers countless of sportive fish,  
Shedding coats of slime that doth mingle  
With the limpid fluid; and oft do they  
Rinse their tiny stomachs with the crystal  
Stream: whereby 't is rendered foul.  
And long its banks rank weeds and plants  
Doth simmer seemingly with the heat that  
Doth pour upon them. The infusion thus created  
Would near purge a molten image — much more  
A mortal. Yet when oppressed with heat intense,  
Or burning thirst, we greedily partake of the seeming  
Limpid water — not dreaming that with each draught  
We do imbibe a portion, Homœopathic  
Of the venom. Then when we groan with  
Cholera-Morbus pains, or with the Ague chills  
Do shake — we wonder whence they came!'

THE following obituary notice from the '*Daily Times*' will reach, through this Magazine, many readers who were intimately acquainted with the subject of it. We knew Mr. MATHER well; and can bear our testimony to the entire justice of this tribute to the memory of one 'too early called away:'

'THE LATE CALVIN E. MATHER.—The recent death of this gentleman at Cincinnati deserves something more than the mere record of the event in the columns of a daily journal. He was known to and esteemed by too many warm and attached friends, to permit even those who knew him not to glance over his name in the records of death, and then to let it pass away and be forgotten.

'Mr. MATHER was born at Deposit, county of Delaware, in this State, in the spring of the year 1818. He was a younger brother of Hon. JOHN C. MATHER, and the youngest son of Dr. THADDEUS MATHER, who removed many years ago to Binghamton, Broome county, where he now resides. He studied law at an early age, even for this precocious country; beginning first at Oxford, in the county of Chenango, and subsequently at Troy, where he completed his studies, and entered upon the functions of his profession, when he had reached the age of twenty-one years. Not long after commencing practice, he was elected and served for several years as Brigadier-General of the militia of this State.

'On the accession of the late JOHN YOUNG to the office of Governor of this State, he was appointed by that gentleman to be his Private Secretary. During the years 1848 and 1849, Mr. MATHER resided at Binghamton, where he practised his profession, and where the writer of this brief tribute to his character and his memory first had the

gratification to make his acquaintance. Mr. MATHER resided at Binghamton until the close of the year 1849, when he removed to New-York in the month of October. Here he met with encouraging success, although commencing his metropolitan career in a city overrun with members of his crowded profession, too many of whom are daily struggling for their 'daily bread.' He was engaged in, and distinguished himself by conducting, several important trials. At a later period, he associated himself with Mr. ROBERT CHRISTIE, as Solicitors and Counsellors-at-Law; and for the last two years was, with his partner, interested in two of the most important rail-road enterprises of the West, second to none on this continent in their extent and enlarged ramifications.

'Mr. MATHER was a rapid thinker, and as a speaker, remarkable for singular copiousness of illustration, clearness of thought, and great directness in his conclusions and judgment in his estimate of ultimate results. He was a young man, it is true; but a young man of most extraordinary abilities, which those who knew him well alone knew how to appreciate. Self-educated, he was original and self-reliant. He had a quick appreciation of the beautiful, a keen sense of the humorous, and great powers of language. His conversation was a great personal attraction, being free entirely from pretence or affectation. His faults were a mere foil to his many virtues, and were only upon the surface of his character. He was kind and generous; a warm friend, a faithful son, a loving and tender brother; and the mourning relatives, the endeared friends, who followed in long concourse his remains to their last resting-place at Greenwood, attested the hold which his memory has secured in the hearts of those who had known him the longest and the best. May his ashes repose in peace in his early grave, until the fires of the resurrection morning shall redden in the horizon!'

'Are you conversant with the lingo of the west?' asks 'J. G. D.,' of St. Louis, in a recent 'scribblement' to the EDITOR. 'It is a curiosity of its kind. A denizen of that mighty country, in search of an opportunity to trade off an assortment of peltries and small produce for dry-goods, poked his head into a country-store where I was 'loafing' at the time, and yelled out the very intelligible question: 'Mister, do you take plunder here for spun truck?' The reader will need no explanation. - - - A FRIEND ('R. S. M.') writes us: 'The lines in your last number, page 107, were written by JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS, brother-in-law of poor TOM HOOD, and were first published in a London magazine thirty-two years ago, and afterward in a book. I have a copy in REYNOLDS' own hand-writing.' This certainly seems conclusive as to the paternity of the lines in question. The beautiful stanzas on the 'Harp of Zion,' in the 'Gossip' of the same number, as we gather from the '*Baltimore Patriot*' daily journal, were written by WILLIAM KNOX, a Scottish bard, who died in Edinburgh in 1825. - - - A CORRESPONDENT who '*Had to Go to Meeting*' in a small town in Yankee-land recently, gives us this dolorous account of his trials on that memorable occasion:

'On the twenty-sixth day of June,' he writes, 'I was be-Sabbathed in a country village in Connecticut. My circumstances were peculiar. Suffice it to say that I *had* to go to 'meeting.' The preacher was a robust man, with a brow like night, and stentorian lungs. His dress was homespun, and not of a modern fashion. Indeed, his complexion was the only fashionable thing about him — *tan* color. His style and manners were like the Dutchman's dancing, 'more stout than handsome.' He commenced the services with prayer—and such a prayer! He then read a hymn with a nasal twang and great gusto, especially the following verse:

'As when a raging fever burns,  
We shift from side to side by turns;  
And 't is a poor relief we gain,  
To change the place, but keep the pain.'

The reading, although dissimilar, reminded me of Mr. F —, a clergyman of Boston, who read from his pulpit:

‘THE Lambs HE carries in His arms,  
And on His bosom — Bears!’

‘The singing was very fine. The enunciation was distinct, the treble beautifully clear, and the bass heavy. It was one of the old fugue-tunes that I always fancied. It ran as follows:

‘As when a-ra — a-ra — a-ra —  
As-when-a-ra —  
Gin-fe-ver burns,  
Gin-fe-ver burns,  
As when a ra — a ra —  
Gin-fe-ver burns.’

‘This was not just such a meeting as I had been in the habit of attending. I rather liked it. A text was suggested by the hymn, to wit: ‘Wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging.’ Next came the reading of the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, from the comments upon which I obtained many new ideas. ‘This twenty-third verse,’ said the minister, ‘is a thumper for these women’s-rights sort of folks; and that fourth verse is considerable: ‘Let not foolish talking, etc., be so much as named amongst you, nor jesting:’ ‘jest so,’ my bretheren; and the Apostle adds: ‘They are not convenient.’ That ‘jest so’ was spoken in such a tone of voice, and with such a queer expression, that I could not help smiling. At that instant I caught the preacher’s eye, and I thought *he* smiled, but of course I was mistaken. ‘My text,’ he continued, ‘you will find some where in PAUL’s epistles: ‘If by any means I might save some.’ Here the preacher took off his cravat: ‘I propose, bretheren, to-day to shoot kind o’ scattering. You know if you dart a straight pole through an apple-tree, you do n’t knock off no apples; but if it is crooked, and thrown kind o’ hiltter-skiltter, it’s sure to knock off *some*.’ Here the preacher took off his coat, and I am afraid I ‘tittered’ a little; and a pretty girl, nearly in front of me, tittered also. Whether it was at the simile, or because he looked so unlike a clergyman in his shirt-sleeves, or whether it was because I — I don’t know, but I thought it was because — But no matter.

‘First about that women’s-rights business. We a’ n’t left in the dark in this matter. The doctrine is plain. In this we have a ‘*gnos*o.’

‘That was a new word to me. Gnos-o? — what sort of a thing is a *gnos*o? Gignimai means ‘to be:’ no, it is derived from ‘gnomi,’ to perceive — future, *gnos*o. It cannot be a ‘perception,’ for ‘gnoso’ is not a noun. My Greek is rusty. He cannot mean diagnosis; then what on earth *does* he mean? I took up a book in hopes to find a dictionary, but it proved a Testament. ‘Gnoso!’ ‘Gnoso!’ Well, to use the parson’s expression, ‘that is a thumper.’ At last it flashed upon me, as the preacher said: ‘No, bretheren, as I said before, we have not a *guess*-so in this matter, but we have a *know*-so.’

‘This is *not* one of the meetings ‘that we read of,’ but it is decidedly interesting. Here is ‘food for the mind.’

‘And now the preacher seemed embarrassed. He had no notes; perhaps it was on that account. He tried to put his hand into his coat-pocket for his bandanna, but his coat had been laid aside. He raised the back part of his right hand to his proboscis, and then placed his hand in a position to eye it critically. I did not remark that his hand was of a form to be proud of. He raised his hand again and again to his nose, and then eyed it as before. Presently he sneezed like a swivel. Occasionally he would ejaculate ‘I,’ as if that word was to begin his next sentence, and then wipe the back of his hand under the skirts of his coat, or rather ‘in the place where the skirts ought to be.’ With great difficulty I kept from any audible laughter. The pretty girl near me was in the same condition. I could see her plump shoulders shake when her cambric was at her face. At last the preacher, with his fist extended, and eyeing it as before, with a face as red as a lobster’s back, exclaimed: ‘I do n’t know as I can preach now, for I guess I’m goin’ to have the nose-bleed!’ The pretty girl cackled aloud, and the stopple of my risibles flew out with an explosive noise, as the preacher descended from the desk, saying: ‘Brother Snow, you pray while I’m gone.’ I could see the parson



listening at the door, paying no attention whatever to his nose. Brother SNOW rose, and the congregation bent forward reverently. When silence reigned, brother SNOW, instead of the expected prayer, took occasion to say: 'On Monday evening there will be in the vestry a *pic-nic*, to which all are invited to send 'vittles,' and the proceeds will go toward paying the arrearage of the minister's salary.' The preacher returned immediately after the notice, and no trace of blood could be seen. It was too much for the pretty girl; she vanished; upon which I imitated her example. On comparing notes in the entry, we came to the conclusion that a remark made in the minister's prayer was correct, that this people 'in and of themselves were n't much;' and the pretty girl said: 'Of this I think we have a know-so.' I never saw the girl afterward; and now I wish I had not left the meeting!

OUR old friend and correspondent, W. H. C. HOSMER, Esq., has in press a pungent poem, which we think will be found to be marked by no common power and felicity of versification. The following 'hit' at '*Venial Authors*' will remind the reader of SAXE's vein in his '*Progress*:'

'How is the World of Letters now disgraced  
By treason against morals and good taste!  
Authors that wish their trashy works to sell,  
The Newgate Calendar must study well;  
Deride the style of ADDISON and STEELE,  
And aim to make rascality 'genteel';  
Give to the scaffold a poetic glow,  
An air of romance round the murderer throw;  
While laws that doom him to the hempen cord  
By every gentle reader are abhorred.  
Debauched in every town by trash like this  
Are beardless youth and sentimental Miss;  
All relish lost for scenes to nature true,  
And quiet pictures, such as GOLDSMITH drew.  
They read polluted pages, that awake  
A kindly feeling for the heartless rake:  
Where Sin is painted with a dancing crest,  
And hooted Virtue like a ruffian dressed;  
Where stale romancers tax their brains to find  
Excuses for depravity of mind  
Displayed by vicious women and worse men,  
In breach of marriage-contracts now and then.

'Why should our battlers with pollution blame  
Pimps that conduct the young to dens of shame;  
And with a smile those publishers salute  
Who nourish plants that bear the poisonous fruit;  
Reprint abominations from the French—  
Filth to the touch, and in the nostrils stench;  
From mammoth-presses scatter far and fast  
De Kock's abortion, 'thrilling' AINSWORTH's last;  
Sure of the pence for pandering to crime,  
Of heavy profits in exchange for slime!  
Oh! would with equal truth it might be said,  
Sure of striped jacket and a shaven head!

'Why call ourselves, with arrogance of tone,  
The most enlightened nation ever known,  
While BANA's classic writings are unread,  
And villains coin their scribblings into bread;  
While Vice is busy, with a pen unclean,  
Promised a market for some tale obscene,  
And leaves from hell's own volume flood the land—  
Supply not equal to the large demand?  
Lulled is a country into dangerous sleep,  
When crops are sown for libertines to reap,  
Seducers vote the marriage-vow a bore,  
Elopements raise a laugh—and nothing more.'

'A LADY in these parts,' writes 'A *Missionary*' from 'on the Sangamon,' in a letter 'now some moons wasted,' 'whose husband was tempted away to the land of gold within a year after the nuptials, receives from him at least every month, or oftener, a letter of which the extract here given may be taken as a specimen. I thought the description of Californian scenery might be interesting to you, and if so, to your readers. I will only add, that it was *not* written for the public, but for the gratification of his wife. The letter was dated 'Garden Rancho, eighth January, 1853.' After telling how he had been employed during an interval of the long, long rain-storm of several weeks, he proceeds:

"THE first of these employments does not possess any particular interest. But *mule-hunting* is a more pleasant employment: and if I might feel certain of success in describing only one of the many beautiful scenes which I saw during that mountain-ramble, my letter could not fail of interesting and pleasing you. Let me try:

'A lovelier day than the fourth of January, 1853, which shone upon California, never smiled upon the world. Purer skies, sweeter air, were not among the enjoyments of the blessed pair for whom the infant world was made a paradise. Long before the sun could be seen, the lofty mountains in the east gave warning of his approach. How the deep, pure snow upon their treeless summits glowed at the sun's smile after such a weary time of darkness and of storm! And how the birds sang, and the little striped squirrels scampered and played upon the mossy oaks and large pines! If ever the earth was glad to its heart's core, and sent up from every green glen, from every wooded hill, from every gleaming mountain-top, an anthem worthy for the great God's praise, it was on that morning.

"This valley in which I am writing was just fairly lighted up by the morning sun, when I started with my gun on my shoulder to walk where I chose in search of a mule. After about two hours' walking across deep valleys and gorges, and over steep hills, I sat down to rest upon a stone on the top of a high hill. My face was toward the east. Before me the mountain descended rapidly by a succession of flats, like gigantic but irregular terraces, into a deep, narrow valley, down the centre of which ran a little stream, whose noise, even at that distance, I could easily distinguish from the sound of the wind through the tall pine-trees. Beyond this valley rose a hill, equal in height to the one on which I sat; and beyond, on either side, rose mountain after mountain, covered with pines, mausanets, and other ever-greens of every shade of green. Still farther on, the snow was lying in sheltered spots among the pines; and away on, where the bending sky came down, rose a wall of snow, like a pure white cloud, above the green hills.

"I thought that nothing could surpass this scene, and looked at it until I was satisfied it was so daguerreotyped upon my memory as never to be forgotten. Again, turning westward, I walked on: now picking my steps among rocks, down deep descents; now climbing with much labor up crags and hills. After two hours more of such walking, and finding no trace of the missing mule, I was about to return; but noticing near the top of a very high hill a mass of naked rock which promised to afford a fine prospect, I climbed on to it. How glad I was that I did so! Looking toward the south-east, I saw what I shall very feebly describe.

"A mile to the left, the Yuba river, swollen with melting masses of snow, went roaring through the rocks to the valley's edge. On the right, at about the same distance, came a foaming tributary stream, which is generally small and insignificant, but now, thanks to rain and snow, looked nearly as large as the Yuba, into which it flowed. Almost immediately below me (so precipitous was the mountain) was a valley of some size, covered, even thus early in the year, with its green carpet, and shaded with groups of trees.

"This was the fore-ground of my picture — the triangle bounded by the two swollen streams. This was lovely, but beyond was something grand. The wide valley between

Yuba and Feather rivers — containing Marysville, and many, many farms and large tracts of wild-lands — seemed, from my elevated position, to be close by me. And now this valley was covered by a cloud, which spread over it as far as I could see. It was a light, almost white, cloud, in continual motion, looking like a stormy sea. As the Yuba seemed to flow into it, the illusion was heightened.

‘The cloud-waves rolled and chased each other as if driven by a mighty tempest, (so it looked to me, though in fact they moved slowly,) which rendered them masses of foam and spray. Here and there, some mountain, standing farther out in the plain than the rest, lifted its pine-crowned summit so high into the cloud that clusters of the pines rose above the spray; little green islands in the stormy sea! And far out rose the ‘Buttes,’ (a cluster of mountains,) far above the cloud, a mass of naked rock, against which the waves seemed to dash with utter fury, tossing high into the serene sky long wreaths of mist and spray. And yet beyond, as far as one might see, rose the snow-covered mountains on Feather river, which seemed the icy shore to which the waves of the cloudy sea were driving.

‘How long I sat upon that mass of gray granite, looking upon this panorama, I do not know; but after a while the cloud grew thinner, until the illusion was over, and now and then through the openings I could see the valley below. Soon the cloud was gone, or at least had moved far to the north, where it rested against the horizon. But still a beautiful prospect, though a very different one, remained. In the place of the stormy sea lay a broad, green, and peaceful valley, through which ran the silver waters of the Yuba, fringed with trees and dotted with houses and farms. But the perspiration had dried upon my face; all sense of fatigue was gone, and the waning day told me that it was time for *me* to be gone; for however beautiful the mountains by day, there are pleasanter places to pass the night. Twilight was deepening with a ‘tinge of cor,’ when, having found the mule, I reached home with an appetite so keen as to make my supper of ham and potatoes scarcely less pleasant than the more romantic incidents of the day. So much for a mule-hunt.’

‘I don’t know,’ adds our correspondent, ‘how it will strike you, but I confess that, malgre my gray hairs, I was almost tempted to say :

‘‘WHEN next the Doctor hunts a mule,  
May I be there to see!’’

Yet I don’t know. He was kept from his ‘home’ in the mountain-diggings by fifteen feet of snow. His cabin (so he heard) was buried in it. I think I shall not go to look at that illusory sea.’ - - - The following inscription was copied from a tomb-stone in the church-yard at Crayford, near London, by ‘J. W. B.,’ a metropolitan correspondent :

‘HERE lieth the body of PETER ISNELL,  
Thirty years clerk of this Parish :

‘He lived respected as a pious and a mirthful man, and died on his way to church, to assist at a wedding, on the 31st day of March, 1811, aged seventy years. The inhabitants of Crayford have raised this stone to his cheerful memory, and as a tribute to his long and cheerful services :

‘THE life of this clerk was just three-score and ten,  
Nearly half of which time he had sung out ‘Amen.’  
In his youth he was married, like other young men,  
But his wife died one day, so he chaunted ‘Amen.’  
A second he took — she departed. What then?  
He married and buried a third with ‘Amen.’  
Thus his joys and his sorrows were trebled, but then  
His voice was deep bass, as he sung out ‘Amen.’  
On the horn he could blow as well as most men,  
So his horn was exalted in blowing ‘Amen :’  
But he lost all his mind after three-score and ten,  
And here with three wives he waits ‘till again  
The trumpet shall rouse him, to sing out ‘Amen!’’

THE subjoined '*Scrap from a Journal kept in Rome*,' is from the classic pen of MRS. RAMSBOTTOM:

'I ASSURE you the great Vacuum is filled with statutes: one is the body of the angel MICHAEL, which has been ripped to pieces, and is therefore said to be Tore so; but I believe this to be a poetical fixture: the statute of the Raccoon is very moving; its tail is prodigious long, and goes round three on 'em: the Antipodes is also a fine piece of execution.

'As for paintings, there is no end to them in Room — Mr. RAFFLE's Transmigration is, I think, the finest: much better than his Harpoons. There are several done by HANNAH BELL SCRATCHY, which are beautiful; I dare say she must be related to Lady BELL, who is a very clever painter, you know, in London. The Delapidation of St. JOHN by GEORGE HONEY is very fine, beside several categorical paintings which pleased me very much.

'The shops abound with Cammyhoes and Tallyhoes, which last always reminded me of the sports of the field at home, and the cunning of sly REYNOLDS a getting away from the dogs. They also make Scally hollies at Rome, and what they call obscure chairs; but, oh, what a cemetery there is in the figure of VENUS of Medicine, which belongs to the Duke of Tusk and eye: her contortions are perfect.

'We walked about in the Vicissitude, and hired a macaroni, or, as the French, alluding to the difficulty of satisfying the English, call them, a 'lucky to please,' and, of course, exploded the Arch of Tights and the Baths of Diapason. Poor LAVY, whom I told you was fond of silly quizzing, fell down on the Tarpaulin Rock in one of her revelries. Mr. FULMER said it would make a capital story when she got home, but I never heard another syllabub about it.'

APPOINTMENTS, we are glad to be able to say, are now and then made, both by the National and State administrations, which make us think better of politicians of all 'stripes.' Touching these latter, we cannot forbear to congratulate the Canal Board of our State upon the selection of Mr. JAMES PATTISON as 'Collector of Canal Tolls for the City of New-York.' We have known Mr. PATTISON for many years, while holding important offices in connection with the New-York and Erie Rail-Road, the duties of which he discharged with the utmost faithfulness, and unvarying courtesy to all with whom he came in contact. That he will so discharge the duties of his new office, no one of the many who know him will for a moment doubt. - - - THE following would have been more seasonable had it appeared last month, at which time it was placed in type; but although deferred, it has not lost its interest. The poetry alluded to may appear hereafter:

'FROM our tent-door, my dear KNICK., I look out on a vast ocean of prairie. For leagues, in modulating swells, away to the far horizon, it lies shimmering in the June sun. Gigantic shadows of the clouds keep running over its smooth surface, making it live, and changing its expression, as shades of shifting thought do that of the human face. The long green grass bends to the wandering wind, and flows like the sea, and the whole extent is gay as a garden with myriads of flowers of every hue; the purple and blue vie with the pink and the scarlet cluches beside the stainless white. This profusion is wonderful, and in a day's ride over the prairie, I crush under the hoofs of my horse flowers enough to make the fortune of a New-York florist. I have just gathered a huge handful with especial reference to you and your sanctum-table. I have been dainty in the choice of color and form, and the bouquet I offer you (with my pen-point) is rare enough for the heaven of Moslems. I pray you, let it stand on your table there, just by the gray-hound; and if you are weary with the clamor of the Great Exhibition, and the dusty and sun-struck streets grow irksome, it will quicken you to imagine vast prairies, whose greenness is swept by cool breezes, and where millions of such delicate wild-flowers grow, and have been growing and blooming and fading, unseen, for hundreds of years. Or, if you weary of that, look through the back of the tent, when the curtain is thrown aside to admit the fresh air. You can step out, if you choose, into a

belt of wood-land; your eye may wander down its leafy vista to the breeze. You can hear its murmur, mingled with the bustle of stirring branches even here, (can you not?) and also the singing of birds. Deer lie there in the shade, safe from the sun of the summer solstice, who will break away in affright at your approach, and flee along the ridges of the prairie, tossing back their fine heads, and bringing their neat limbs into sharp relief against the sky. And all the night long, as we lie in our blankets, owls keep speaking of the vanity of human life, and whip-poor-wills sharply contradict their musty wisdom.

'I take pleasure in sending you some 'right smart' poetry which I cut from an interior newspaper, in the hope that some stanzas of it may touch your 'pheelinks.' It is the production of a lamenting swain, and is a very popular song in the town where it was written. People used to come from miles around to hear it sung. It was thought very touching. We asked what was the matter with the young man, but could only learn, 'It is the most affectingest story *you* ever heard.' You may laugh, but it is real pathos here. It is sung in the most lugubrious tune ever whined. If you are particularly pleased with the first stanza, I presume you can sing it. I asked the author to explain what he meant by 'partly raised,' but he threw the onus 'onto' the printer by saying it was an error of his: it should have been, 'partly *born*.' Perhaps the best of the joke is, that most folk hereabouts think the man had not 'sconce' enough to write it, but plagiarized it from BYRON! O ghost of CHILDE HAROLD!

'By the way, western preaching is in no way behind western poetry. I listened to a sermon a few Sundays ago which I would not repeat, only that such ignorant desecrators of the desk may see how they appear in the pillory of type. The subject was missions, and the necessity of supporting them. The intonation and 'god-like action' can never be imitated; but I jot you down a few sentences: 'But, bretherin, you can't git sinners to give to missions. I 'allow' it's impossible. Before they'd git to see the duty on't, you must convert 'em. There are many ways to do this. Do you git the p'int? For the sake of argument, we'll take fishin', for instance. You take the idee? In some seasons you can go down to the shore and throw out your net, and haul 'em in by shoals, hundreds and thousands. These are our revivals. Then, again, some slip through the net. In that case you take a hook and line, [here the preacher leaned over the pulpit as if angling from a boat,] bait it nice, and sit down and fish for 'em patiently, and when you git the least nibble, give a right smart jerk. These are our single conversions. But there are some, bretherin, you can't catch this-a-way. They won't go in the net; they won't touch the hook. These are the lazy, fat old sinners, who lie in the cool places in the brook, and if ever they see you a-comin', they'll just turn up their white sides, and slip off into deep water. Now, when you find one of this sort, hooks is no account; nets a'n't. You've got to drop net and hook, and [our orator threw himself back in the desk and struck the attitude of a harpooner] grab the spear of wrath, and shout, 'Now, by the grace of Gon, we're arter ye!'

WITHOUT positive information, we yet believe that our old friend, CHARLES F. DANIELS, formerly one of the editors of the '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal, is responsible for the following: A member of the last Connecticut legislature, from one of the rural districts not a hundred miles from New-London, who was less remarkable for the profundity of his knowledge than for the overweening confidence with which he advanced his opinions upon any and all subjects, was once asked by a fellow-member of a somewhat quizzical turn of mind, what he deemed the proper punishment for *arson*. 'Well,' said he with an air of profound deliberation, 'I have thought on that subject a good deal, and have come to the conclusion that he should pay a fine of *five hundred dollars and marry the girl!*' - - - THE '*State of Maine*,' Captain JEWETT, is running to Newport as a day-boat, leaving New-York every other morning at eight o'clock. For those who wish to visit this favorite watering-place, and who prefer not to be roused up long before day-

light, this will be a very agreeable arrangement. This boat belongs to the Fall-River line, whose splendid and commodious steamers, the Empire and Bay-State, have made this one of the pleasantest routes between New-York and Boston. - - - 'I WAS speaking three or four days ago with a music-dealer,' writes a Buffalo correspondent, 'relative to OLE BULL, and said I was glad to know that DEMPSTER and others in the musical line had been so well received; as I thought a love of music produced a good moral effect, tending to humanize 'us humans,' etc., etc. 'Yes,' said my friend, the music-dealer, 'you know what SHAKESPEARE says: 'The man that ha'n't got no music into him, wants watching close!'' Good 'rendering' that, was n't it?' - - - OUR eccentric and almost ubiquitous correspondent, Mr. JAMES PIPES, of Pipesville, pays the following tribute to the great merits of the 'Graefenburg Pills, Lip-Salve, and Green-Mountain Ointment:'

'To the President of the Younited Staites Graffenburgh Pill Manufakturung and Lip Sarve and Green Mountain Ointment Kumpany in Congress not assembled:

'SIR:—I were afflicted with a very violent pane in my lower stummick by Reeson of induring too mutch Lickker in my sistim. It remaned with me for sum time until my previous inside was materially lessened in its parts. Driven orlmost to madness, by one of KIPP and BROWN's omnibuses, I aliteted at your Pill Repository, in dredfull agoni, and found your doctor just helping himself to sum Bitters, for to give him a appetite for his Pills arter dinner. He advised me to taik sum—which I did, and found Relief before I'd finished takin it. It warmed me intestines, and other things, and corsed the preperashun to exclude from my skin, and the Kyvenne Pepper to raise in my stumack so that I hollered right out no moar for the Present, from yours  
trootly,

J. P.,

THE following lines fairly smoke, and make us, even under the broad green trees on the lawn, and with the fresh breeze from the Tappaän-Zee melting upon our forehead, 'like the invisible touch of some spirit-hand,' to glow with fervent heat:

'On for a breeze to cool us!

Some balmy breath of spring;  
This reign of thine, SIR SIRRUS,  
Is quite a serious thing.

Thy baleful light now rules the night;

By day, SOL rules the 'roast,'  
And often rises from his seat  
To give the earth a toast.

'The days of '92 are come,

(Past are the days of '76,)  
And honest moulds of human clay  
Are changing fast to 'bricks.'

'No danger now of coldness

To work old friendship's harm;  
In every street all friends we meet  
Are waxing very warm.

'Each man now thinks that cooling drinks

Are very, very nice;  
And melting mortals crowd to take  
'Dissolving views' of ice.

'Our thickest clothes are very thin,

And perspiration easy is;  
Our thinnest dust seems very thick,  
And respiration wheezy is.

'A curse is on the canine race,

The curse of CAIN their doom;  
And 'every dog' that 'has its day,'  
Now thinks its day has come.

'O dog-star! abdicate thy throne!

O heavens! shower down some snow!  
O lazy wind! come, beat about,  
And give us one hard blow!'

Let us hear from you again. - - - MR. JONES was a kind and indulgent husband, but these virtues did not avert an untimely fate: '*Pallida mors aequo pede pulsat*,' etc. He was lost in a steam-boat which was burned on Lake Erie in 1841. When the news was brought to his widow, she was inconsolable; weeping at times, and again indulging in hysteric laughter. Finally her tearful eyes became fixed on the pink shawl which decorated her shoulders. The fountains of grief were opened anew, and she sobbed forth: 'If JONES had *only* done what I wanted him to, last trip, and got me



a black shawl instead of a pink one, I'd have had it now all ready!' Excellent lady! — considerate mourner! - - - BEING unable as yet to estimate exactly the difference in our type, we find ourselves obliged to defer many things prepared for the present number. - - - 'DOCTOR,' said a waggish parishioner of good old Parson F — to him one day: 'I think that I must have a pew nearer the desk than where I now sit.' 'Why,' says the Parson, 'can't you *hear* well where you are?' 'Oh yes,' was the reply, 'but that a'n't it. The fact is, there are so many people between me and the pulpit, that by the time what you say gets back to where I am, it is *as flat as dish-water*!'

### Literary Record.

It may be assumed that the name and high reputation of FREDERICK DENISON MATRICK, Professor of Divinity in King's College, London, are not unknown to the religious world on this side the Atlantic. A series of sermons preached by him in the chapel of Lincoln's-Inn, in the Great Metropolis, of which the reverend author is the chaplain, is before us, from the press of MESSRS. CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY, Boston, and MESSRS. CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY, of this city. The theme is, '*The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament*,' and it has been evidently studied with deliberation, and certainly treated with great force and eloquence of diction. One could wish, to be sure, that, in the 'dedication,' the very opening of such a work, on such a subject, the private 'I' had been less ostentatiously obtruded upon the public eye; but that is pardonable to a chaplain in his closet, whose mistake it too often is, to consider the world his parish. But all this aside: it is certain that the volume has attracted attention and admiration, simply because it deserved both. We were struck with one passage in the eleventh sermon, entitled '*The Valley of Decision*,' from this text in JOEL: 'In Mount Zion and Jerusalem shall be deliverance, as the LORD hath said, and in the remnant whom the LORD shall call.' The passage ensues:

'THIS book of JOEL is then a type of the early Jewish prophetic discourse, and may explain to us what distant events in the history of the land would expand it, and bring fresh discoveries within the sphere of the inspired man's vision. JOEL speaks of a terrible northern army which is coming against JUDAH. It is an army of locusts, as really formidable as any human host could be. For, says the prophet: 'A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth. The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them. The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses, and as horsemen so shall they run. Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains shall they leap. Like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong people set in battle-array. Before their face the people shall be much pained. All faces shall gather blackness. They shall run like mighty men; they shall climb the wall like men of war, and they shall march every one on his ways, and they shall not break their ranks. Neither shall one thrust another. They shall walk every one in his path, and when they fall upon the sword, they shall not be wounded. They shall run to and fro in the city; they shall run upon the walls; they shall climb up upon the houses; they shall enter in at the windows like a thief. The earth shall quake before them, the heavens shall tremble; the sun and the moon shall be dark, and the stars shall withdraw their shining.'

The 'army' here spoken of, our reverend author considers the prophet looking upon as God's army:

'He hears the LORD's voice going before it. It is a day of the LORD; who can abide it? Those who saw the regular succession of prayers and sacrifices would naturally contract a faith in a regular succession of rain and crops. Both feelings were desirable until the sense of mere sequence in outward phenomena dulled the mind as to the invisible cause, the inward order which they betokened. When that effect had been produced — and who knows not how soon it is produced! — the chain of custom and association must be broken through, or it will bind the spirit in an atheism the more fatal, because unsuspected.'

There are in the book twenty-seven sermons, and nearly all are examples of careful study and perspicuous exemplification of their several themes. - - - WE are glad to announce the publication of a handsome volume, from the well-known Boston press

of TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS, containing '*German Lyrics*,' translated by Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS, of Newport, Rhode-Island. It seems to us that Mr. BROOKS must himself be a poet of no common order, to embody, so faithfully as he does, the spirit of the several German bards whose effusions he has rendered into felicitous English verse. '*The Old Washerwoman*,' from the German of CHAMISSO, published in our May number, is included among the many admirable poems in the copious collection before us. We commend it to all lovers of true poetry, and especially to all students of the deep and thoughtful German Muse. - - - '*Wild Flowers: Sacred Poetry*,' by the Abbé ADRIAN ROTQUETTE, which reaches us from the press of T. O'DONNELL, New-Orleans, bears evidence, on the part of the author, of a fervent love of nature, and a susceptibility to tender and pure influences. We have seen a great deal better verse in these latter days, but few rhymes whose spirit and inculcation were less objectionable. We gather from a brief poem, in a crisp measure, bearing this motto from BYRON:

'THOUGH the strained mast should quiver as a reed,  
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,  
Still must I on !'

that the author has found adversaries, who have treated him rather harshly in times gone by:

'In all my bitter woes and fears,  
Though left alone,  
And though my heart should steep in tears,  
'Still must I on !'

'To persecute though all agree,  
Ah ! there is ONE,  
A Friend above, who cries to me :  
'Still must thou on !'

'Though blamed by those who should protect,  
Approved by none,  
In thorny paths with the Elect  
'Still must I on !'

'Yes, though thy life in wo should end,  
In woe begun,  
To heaven, thy realm, thy blissful land,  
'Still must thou on !'

A NEW publishing firm, MESSRS. MOORE, ANDERSON, WILTSTACH, AND KEYSE, of Cincinnati, Ohio, have sent us the '*Life of the Rev. Dr. Chalmers*,' edited by JAMES C. MOFFAT, M. A., Professor in the College of New-Jersey, at Princeton; and also '*The Poetry of the Vegetable World*,' a popular exposition of the science of botany and its relations to man, etc. These books are got up with all the taste and neatness which distinguish the best eastern publications. They are books of great value. - - - THE following stanzas were omitted from the notice in our last number of the little poetical brochure by MESSRS. WAINWRIGHT AND GAGE. They are extracted from a playfully-satirical effusion entitled '*A Smell of the Hawthorne*:'

'Now I'm not one who 'babbles of green fields,'  
Or for a rural life e'er had a craving:  
There's not a butter-cup the pasture yields  
So pleasant to me as a round-stone paving:  
Perhaps my taste's depraved — if so, 't is pity,  
But I prefer a very crowded city.

'T would have been death to me some months ago,  
Finding that urgent business summoned me  
From this gay town a hundred miles or so,  
Had I possessed not sweet Philosophy —  
For no church penance seems one half so hard  
As rustication to a Cockney bard.

'What must be, must be ! — therefore, like a man,  
I packed my trunk without a single sigh,  
(Never to fret, I find the wisest plan :)  
Called not on any one to say good-bye,  
But bought a box of very nice cigars,  
And BULWER's last, and jumped into the cars.

'A week passed on, my business was completed,  
And I still lingered — singular to say —  
With hospitality I was treated ;  
Yet 't was not that alone which made me stay,  
But in the mansion where I had my quarters  
Dwelt one of Mother EVE's most lovely daughters.

The fine, firm white paper and beautiful typography of this little volume, so creditable to the liberality and good taste of the publishers, will add to the pleasure of all who peruse it. It is for sale in this city by MESSRS. APPLETON AND COMPANY.